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A BRACE OF BEAUTIFUL BLACKSMITHS—NOVEL OCCUPATION CHOSEN BY THE PRETTY TWIN SISTERS, MISSES GARINE AND NELLIE BLAIR, TWO FAIR DAUGHTERS OF VULCAN, WHO EARN A LIVELIHOOD BY THEIR DAILY PERFORMANCE OF A PRACTICAL ANVIL CHORUS, IN LOUISVILLE, KY. SEE PAGE 2



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals and items of interesting events from all parts of the United States. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, and more particularly photographs of parties who have made themselves notorious therein, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for. Articles of a personal nature cannot be inserted unless authenticated. Rejected MSS. will not be returned.

G. N. S., Cahoka, Mo.—Thanks for attentions.

A. E. B., Moorestown, N. J.—Much obliged for the effort.

W. R., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Item appeared in our preceding issue.

P. T. HAWKSHAY, Jersey City.—There is no relationship whatever between them.

CHIEF JONES, Philadelphia.—Thanks for courtesy. Portrait will appear in our next; crowded out this week.

H. L. M., Boston, Mass.—Have already communicated with you in regard to the matter. Send us further developments, if any.

CORRESPONDENT, Baltimore, Md.—Portrait appears. Many thanks for the attention. Shall be glad to have the others if procurable.

A. C. H., St. Genevieve, Mo.—Much obliged for the attention, but the occurrence was noted in our preceding issue. Try us again.

W. E. R., Ashtabula, O.—Matter arrived too late for illustration, and it would not keep till next week. Try us again earlier in the week.

T. R., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Unfortunately the column was closed when your matter arrived and it will be too much behind date next week.

F. R. S., Vicksburg, Miss.—Item a little stale. Besides we do not publish casualties unless possessing very unusual features. We have not the space.

ELLEN, Mobile, Ala.—Shall be glad to have the article alluded to, provided it has not already appeared in other northern journals, which we think is the case.

MAUC, Leadville, Col.—Portrait will appear in good style in our next, with sketch and account. Unavoidably crowded out this week. Will be glad to hear from you again.

S. C. A., Pittsburg, Pa.—See account of occurrence elsewhere, previously received from another source. Much obliged for attention, however, and hope to hear from you again.

T. O. H., Nelson Furnace, Ky.—Portraits unavoidably crowded out this week. Will certainly appear with sketches in our next. Please advise newsdealers and others interested of that fact.

A. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—Portraits appear. Will communicate with you further by mail in regard to the matter. You do not state whose is the portrait beneath one of them, or why it was so sent.

G. A. H., Cincinnati, O.—The affair was simply a family quarrel, exciting and interesting enough, no doubt, to those engaged in it, but of no interest whatever to anyone outside the family. Will return photo.

H. V. W., New Orleans, La.—The matter is of a private and domestic nature, and as such we cannot think of publishing it. More especially would the publication of the portrait be unjustifiable on our part. We hold it subject to your order.

A. M., Yankton, Dak.—You send us nothing from which we can obtain a point for illustration and even if you had we doubt if it would have been worth it. The affair appears to have been a very tame one, with some willingness but no action.

C. A. W., Leavenworth, Ind.—Send us account of the matter if it has not, as is probable, lost its interest. Has there been no mention made of it in local papers? If so, please send us clipping. We will hold portrait until then or subject to your order.

C. C., Newton, Iowa.—Portrait crowded out this week but will certainly appear in our next; please advise newsdealers and others interested to that effect. You do not say if you wish your name used with it. Let us know at once; further by mail.

ORLENA, Chicago, Ill.—Article held over for consideration. Can you not send us some newspaper mention as a voucher regarding the character of the party. We do not publish personal matter without being thoroughly assured as to the assertions made.

A. A., Columbus, La.—Will pay for items if accepted at the value of the matter to us. Can say nothing more definite. If accompanied by sketches of localities of interesting events, and photos of parties concerned, the article is much more valuable to us.

S. C. C., Dallas, Texas.—The occurrence has been so extensively published through the dailies that we did not care to repeat it. Request will be accepted to. Would like you to keep us posted on forthcoming trial, in points that we may not obtain from other correspondents or our exchanges in your section.

M. J., Versailles, Mo.—Portrait appears in this issue. Sketch as previously sent, was in type when the appendix arrived which, however, did not contain anything further of moment, so the other was allowed to stand. Have attended to matter as requested. Thanks for attention. Let us hear from you whenever you have anything further of interest in that line.

A NEW STORY.

In our issue of May 17th, No. 86, we shall commence the publication of a new and powerful story of city life from the pen of Bracebridge Hemyng, Esq. (Jack Harkaway), with whom our readers are familiar from his previous contribution of a very popular story to our columns, aside from the national reputation of a writer of charming stories, deservedly acquired by the talented author.

The story in question will be entitled, "Left Her Home, or, The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl," showing the distinguishing colors of vice and virtue, and illustrating the selfish heartlessness of the "gilded youth" of New York, as well as the many perils to which an unprotected girl, ignorant of the dangers of life in a great city, is exposed at the hands of rich and unscrupulous villains. It is written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE, by the popular author whom we take pleasure in again bringing before our readers, confident that this, his latest effort, will elicit their approval as warmly as did his previous appearance in the GAZETTE, and that it will be quite as fully worthy of his extended reputation.

PENNSYLVANIA ON THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

Numerous attempts to solve the tramp problem have been made by legislatures and corporations in various sections of the Union, but it does not appear that legislation has thus far been able to hit upon anything that has proved a practical mitigation of this plague of the rural districts. On the contrary, the evil appears to have grown in spite of or stimulated by such efforts, and it is evident that any real means of relief from what has become an ever-present terror to the dwellers in isolated neighborhoods, almost as much as the lurking savage was to the early settler, is yet one of the things for which we must hopefully look to the future. Not only does the tramp appear to have largely multiplied, but he has become so daring and desperate in the perpetration of his schemes of plunder and darker crimes, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he has established a reign of terror in the sections which, from some occult law of nature he particularly infests.

In this connection the recent passage by the Pennsylvania legislature of an act "to define and punish tramps," possesses no little interest to the country at large, and as it is decidedly the most sweeping and the most severe in its provisions of any similar previous enactment of which we have knowledge, its effect will doubtless be keenly watched as a step in apparently the right direction. The trouble with such legislation previously appears to have been that it dealt with the matter entirely too gingerly. The repressive measures were either of such a milk and water character, that they amounted to practically nothing, or else they were so hampered by provisos as to smother up the original intent of the enactment. The act of the Pennsylvania legislature is an experiment in a different mood, and if it does not serve to make Pennsylvania a very insecure and unpleasant abiding place for the professional tramp, it will be the fault of those who are charged with the duty of administering its provisions and not of the act.

Exempting from its application females, minors, deaf and dumb, blind, maimed or crippled persons incapable of performing manual labor, it defines as tramps, individuals going about from place to place asking or subsisting upon charity, having no fixed place of residence or lawful occupation in the county or city in which they are arrested. Such shall be deemed tramps and guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be sentenced to solitary and separate confinement at labor, or in the county jail or work-house for not more than twelve months, in the discretion of the Court. If, however, the culprit can prove that he does not make practice of begging or, in other words, that he is not a professional tramp, he is not to be held under the provisions of the act.

This is severe enough to meet the requirements of the case, but the most vigorous, and it should prove the most efficient feature of the act is in its operation regarding the characteristic acts of terrorism which have made the name of tramp something to be dreaded and abhorred.

It is provided that any tramp who, shall enter any dwelling against the will or without the permission of the owner or occupants, or who shall kindle a fire in the highway or on the land of an owner without his consent, or shall be found carrying any fire arms or other dangerous weapon with intent to injure or intimidate any other person, and here a latitude is given to the jury which some tender souls will probably lament, as this intent is allowed to be inferred by the jury from the fact that the accused is a tramp and is so armed, or who shall do or threaten to do any injury not amounting to a felony to any person, or to the real or personal estate of another, shall, on conviction, be sentenced to solitary confinement at hard labor for a period not exceeding three years.

Well done, Pennsylvania Legislature. We shall note the effect of this cast-iron act with the greatest

interest during the coming season when the tramp sets forth on his customary pilgrimage. If the local magistrates do their duty under it, we shall be greatly disappointed if the fraternity does not give the Keystone State a wide berth, thereby furnishing a subject for the earnest consideration of other commonwealths.

PUBLIC INSTITUTION SCANDALS IN OHIO.

Ohio, among her other distinctions, appears to be enjoying a pre-eminence in the way of public institution scandals. Just at present there are two matters of this kind prominently before her citizens. One of these concerns the management of the Athens Insane Asylum which appears to have been of a decidedly loose description to call it by no harsher name. Not only is the Superintendent accused of opium-eating, drunkenness and other irregularities decidedly improper in the ordinary citizen, but conspicuously so in the head of an institution of that character, but we are assured that the demoralization of which he is the exemplar pervades every department of the Asylum to a greater or less extent, the subordinates feeling themselves justified in sundry improprieties and neglect of duty by the conduct of their chief from whom they naturally take their cue.

With the characteristic fatuity of the guilty rushing blindly upon their own destruction, the Asylum people attacked a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who had exposed some of their doings, while on a recent visit to the institution in search of fresh material.

As a matter of course, the only effect produced by this action was to call public attention to the matter with fourfold intensity, and what might possibly, with the characteristic indifference of an American public to topics of public interest, have been overlooked, or only languidly investigated, is likely now to receive a most vigorous overhauling which cannot fail to eventuate in a thorough shaking up of the establishment. Meanwhile the superintendent, with a forecast of the wrath to come, has taken time by the forelock, by resigning.

Still more disgraceful things are told of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, at Xenia, and if the half that is told be true, it would be more respectful to the memory of our dead defenders and a far greater kindness to their orphans to turn the latter loose upon the streets to take their chances with the world, rough as is the quality of its mercy, than to keep them in an atmosphere of such moral contamination as that which, it is alleged, they daily breathe in their so-called "Home" at Xenia.

In fact, if what is asserted in the statements of a correspondent, which we print in another column, be true, a training in a brothel or in the lowest slums of a great city, could not be one whit more demoralizing to their youthful minds than the outrageous scenes of which, it is alleged, they are the daily witnesses, where every sentiment of morality is outraged and decency set at defiance.

Clearly there is a beautiful field for moral reformers presented in these institutions, as at present managed, and it behooves Ohio, if she values her good name and appreciates her sacred obligations to the helpless wards of the Commonwealth, to proceed vigorously to the work of cleansing these Augean stables with the least possible delay.

OUTRAGING PUBLIC OPINION.

A more flagrant outrage upon public opinion or a more insolent defiance of the will of a master by a servant, was never exhibited than was displayed in the dismissal of the charges against Captain Williams. The fact of the fellow's utter incapacity for his position in every respect has long been notorious, and his affronts to the sense of public decency by his conspicuous brutality have been numberless, and have frequently caused him to be arraigned before what it is now evident was a mere mock tribunal. Still, in his uniform escape from the just consequences of his conduct, some explanation if not justification was to be found in the lack of public spirit which is such a characteristic of American society in neglecting to back up such accusations by the full force of public opinion and the voice of the press, a curious sort of languid indifference to violations of personal right which in any other country would arouse an entire community to frenzy.

On this occasion, however, nothing of the kind was wanting. The outrage which was the principal cause of his arraignment was not simply an individual grievance, it was an insult to the entire community, an open and most aggravating expression of contempt of the public and its opinion, such as only the mind of a natural-born ruffian could conceive and which only his assurance of protection under any and all circumstances from higher power could embolden him to execute. So overwhelming was the evidence against him as regards the Gilmore's Garden matter, supplemented as it happened to be just then by other glaring evidences of his unfitness for his office, that even those who were aware of the powerful and mysterious "pull," which has been his boast and reliance, thought the hour of the

swaggering bully of the force had come at last. The dismissal of the charges against him under these circumstances filled every one with astonishment and all respectable citizens with dismay. That this ruffian should be again turned loose upon the community in the face of all this, is well calculated to fill peaceable individuals with alarm.

If what has been shown against him be no fault in the eyes of the Commissioners, in Heaven's name, they will say, what constitutes an offense when committed by him? Perhaps, should he succeed in murdering some inoffensive person outright, they might proceed to the length of giving him a gentle reprimand, and a suggestion that he be just a little more tender with his clubbing, though even this is doubtful in view of present facts. Practically the verdict is a full endorsement of William's savagery and corruption, and if he does not show his appreciation of it by exultantly parading these qualities more conspicuously than ever before the public, in token of his victory, then he is not the man he is universally believed to be. Meanwhile it behooves citizens to take means for their own protection from this raging brute, since it has been announced that they are to expect none from the authorities, and as the most peaceful and most respectable citizen cannot tell what hour he may be added to the list of the Clubber's victims, would not the enrolment of a "Citizens' Society for mutual Protection against Captain Williams," be a popular movement just at present?

The Murder of Josiah Bacon.

[With Portraits.]

The murder of Josiah Bacon, the somewhat famous and widely known treasurer of the Goodyear Rubber Company, in his room in Baldwin's Hotel, San Francisco, and the subsequent confession of Dr. Samuel P. Chalfant, a prominent dentist of that city, of having committed the deed, which was fully detailed in our last, was, in view of the standing of the parties and the circumstances of the tragedy, a crime which very forcibly recalls the murder of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster in Boston many years ago. Like Parkman, Bacon appears to have been one of those Shylock-like men who pursue a fellow-being who happens to be financially obligated to them, with the personal vindictiveness of one who has experienced a personal injury. There seems to be no doubt that Bacon had harassed Chalfant in this manner in relation to business matters between them, in which Chalfant was to a great extent at his mercy, until he had driven him to a condition of frenzy which, in a man of his nervous temperament, rendered him in a moment of particular exasperation, scarcely cognizant it is possible, as he claims, of the fatal impulse to which he yielded. His undoubtedly genuine and deep remorse for his hasty act, and his voluntary surrender to the authorities, in connection with the circumstances above alluded to, have been largely regarded by the community as somewhat in mitigation of the crime. Authentic portraits of Bacon and Dr. Chalfant are given elsewhere in this issue.

A Pair of Beautiful Blacksmiths.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The sign "Blacksmithing by Carine and Nellie Blair," is over a door in Louisville, Ky. A Courier-Journal reporter looked in and saw Miss Carine at work. "She was a blonde, her complexion being as fair as that of any potted belle, and the lovely tinge of pink and red which spread over her face and neck not only served to heighten her natural beauty, but gave evidence of robust health. She was dressed in Turkish trousers and loose blouse coat. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, exhibiting a beautifully rounded, snow-white arm. As she stood, with lips tightly compressed and brows knit, raising hard and well-directed blows upon the stubborn iron, the reporter thought—"and so on. The picture of Miss Carine applies to Miss Nellie, for they are twins.

Reward for a Fugitive Murderer.

A reward of \$250 is announced for the arrest and delivery of David S. Mauck to the sheriff of Harrison county, Ind. Said Mauck is charged with an attempt to murder Mary Mauck, his wife, and Sarah E. Vaughan, on the night of April 8th, 1879.

The following description is given of him: "Said Mauck is twenty-five years old, five feet five inches high, weighs 150 pounds, has light brown hair, and wore, when he escaped, short, sandy chin whiskers, has a high forehead, large, staring, light blue eyes, and has a "nip" out of the upper part of his left ear. He has rather a round face and takes long strides in walking, swinging both arms, speaks quickly, usually moving his head in talking. \$150 of the reward will be paid by the Board of Commissioners of Harrison county, and \$100 by the citizens.

Mysterious Assassination.

ROLLA, Mo., April 23.—Charles Bullatz, an aged German, was shot and instantly killed in the yard in front of his dwelling-house on last Thursday night, on Charles Strobalk's farm, three miles east of Rolla. At the coroner's inquest no clue was obtained either as to the motive of the murderer or who he was. Since then there are indications pointing strongly to parties connected with the deceased by marriage. Bullatz formerly lived at Waterloo, Ind. It is said he has there a wife, from whom he parted about three years ago, not being divorced. He married here, three weeks ago, a woman who, it is said, lived with him two years en famille.

In Louisiana a negro had a dog killed by a train, and in revenge he ditched a freight train and wrecked eleven cars.

DISGRACEFUL DOINGS.

Concerning the Condition of Things at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Asylum, at Xenia, Ohio.

A COMMONWEALTH'S SHAME.

Well Supported Allegations that a Saturnalia of Vice and Corruption Reigned within the Institution.

A GENERAL DEMORALIZATION.

The condition of things at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, at Xenia, O., is just now attracting to it general attention, and it looks as if there was to be a thorough overhauling of the entire management of the institution, especially in regard to the actions of the Kiefer family, for some time prominently connected with it. Regarding this matter a correspondent writes as follows:

"In a little tailoring establishment over a store on one of the principal streets I found a fair-looking, fresh-faced girl, whose connection with the institution had been summarily broken off by the aged superintendent for having committed the unpardonable crime of seeing the ancient gallant with his arms around two of the teachers. This young woman had been for over a year and a half engaged as seamstress in the sewing department of the Home. She was brought up in Xenia, and I find, upon thorough inquiry, that her character is unimpeachable. She stated that the Kievers came to the institution in July, and from that time on the Home became a disgrace to the State. Under Dr. Shaw's superintendency the Home was always quiet and orderly, and one could not have told that there were fifty people in it. When Kiefer came in a new lot of people came and there was no order or regulation about the place.

"Soon after the Kievers arrived this observing young lady began, for her own satisfaction, to keep a diary of daily events, portions of which have already been published. This book was placed in my hands, and from its well-filled pages I made a few notes. Thus, on the 20th of September, while passing through the hall, she caught the 'farmer,' Asa Kiefer, with his arms around one of the teachers,

PRESSING HER CLOSE TO HIM.

On the 21st Asa was coming out of the dining-room and two of the teachers following him were pounding him on the back in a very familiar manner. He turned and caught one of them and a lively scuffle ensued. The same day two of the teachers went to Prof. Hartley's room and turned things upside down, emptying the water pitcher on the bed, taking out the slats, sewing up his pants in front, etc.

"On the 22nd the 'farmer' (Asa) put his arms around the usher, a young orphan girl, yet an inmate of the Home. 'These things are an everyday occurrence with the 'farmer.' His habit was in the halls to put himself in the way of the ladies of the Home and make them rub against him in going by.

"On the 24th the elder Kiefer distinguished himself by 'pulling' bouquets from the bosoms of the ladies in a hankering manner. Card-playing got to be a common amusement, and a bad example was thus set before the children. On the night of the 24th, the lady teachers, or a number of them, went to one of the halls of the administration building with nothing but night-dresses on and sang comic songs and danced and pounded the chamber doors of guests and other teachers until it seemed that

PANDEMONIUM REIGNED SUPREME.

In the midst of it Asa Kiefer appeared on the scene in extreme dishabille, and the teachers sought their rooms with alacrity. Asa Kiefer then talked to the teachers next day on the enormity of their sins, but did it in a loud, ostentatious voice that was heard all over the building, and was done more for effect than anything else.

"On the 27th, young Kiefer, in dancing with one of the matrons, who weighed about 230 pounds, fell purposely to the floor and dragged her with him, this before nearly one hundred of the children. The children were not half attended to during this time, and whereas they should have been in their cottages at eight or nine o'clock, they were frequently found scattered all over the place as late as ten or eleven o'clock. During this time the elder Kiefer was making it pleasant for the teachers and matrons on the place in a fatherly way.

"On the 26th of October the aged superintendent came in, and meeting two ladies, took them in his arms and pressed them up close to himself. In reply to some remark which one of them made, he said: 'Oh, I'm not one of the kissing doctors.' A young girl who was sitting on the sofa with the author of the diary remarked that the doctor kissed her very frequently. While the doctor had his arms around the ladies he turned and saw the young lady sitting on the sofa. The next day he told her that her services would be required no longer, as the Board wanted her place for other employees. This was found to be false, and the Board was very indignant when they afterwards heard of it. The young lady further states that the Home was in a thoroughly

DEMORALIZED CONDITION BEFORE SHE LEFT.

The children were beyond control, the teachers unreliable and regulations loose and useless. The lady has been offered her old position at the Home by the Board but has refused to accept it.

"Early last fall a woman, whose name could not be learned, was brought to the Home by the Kievers to take charge of the sewing department. There has been some serious gossip concerning the relations of this woman and the aged doctor at Troy. A brother-in-law of the woman, named Adams, who resided at Springfield, hearing that she was at the Home, and knowing her character, came up to the Home in disguise to hunt for the woman. While looking around

the halls he was seen and recognized by Asa Kiefer, who assaulted him and chased him clear into town, over a mile. Adams swore out a warrant and had Kiefer arrested and fined, and then made a statement of the entire case to the city papers. The day after this was published, Dr. Kiefer got on the train and went to Springfield, and it is supposed bought Adams off, as he published a retraction the next day, saying that all he had said about Kiefer was untrue. But such a rumpus had been raised about the woman that Kiefer dared not keep her there, and

SHE WAS SENT AWAY.

During this time members of the Legislature were visiting the institution, and were evidently interested in something more than a mere inspection of the Home. Several members who were unmarried, or whose wives had never been at Columbus, appeared at the Home with their 'wives' and staid over Sunday. It is stated that one woman, well-known in Columbus, appeared at the Home three or four times as the wife of as many different members. Among the employees who were brought to the Home by the Kievers, was a woman known as Kate Logan, who came from Dayton, and whose previous career, it is stated, has been closely connected with a certain house and certain fast young men of the village of Dayton. On the recommendation of the Kievers, she was made matron of cottage No. 1. But little is known of her relations with the Kievers while she was in the institution, but it is well known that her cottage was a resort for certain fast young men of the town of Xenia, who made frequent visits there. During this time a sister of hers came to the Home to visit her, and while there was employed by the superintendent to nurse one of the teachers who had been thrown from a buggy and injured. When she was through with this, she was, through the influence of Asa Kiefer, appointed matron of the dining-room.

FOR REASONS BEST KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

Here began the trouble which ended in young Kiefer leaving the Home.

"There was employed at the Home as night-watchman a tall, fine-looking fellow, whom I shall call 'Briggs.' When I reached Xenia I was told that this man Briggs knew as much about the Kievers and affairs at the Home as any one, but that he had always refused to tell what he knew of matters. After some little search I found him, but he refused to say anything about the matter. I did not, however, give up the matter, but after a 'walk around the block,' and opportunity, he stopped on the curbstone, and, turning to me, said:

"Now, telling this ain't going to do me any good, but that man Asa Kiefer has done me dirt, and to get square with him I'll tell you what I know about things at the Home, but I don't want you to use any names. I was employed at the Home when this girl, Katie Logan, came there to see her sister. She says she fell in love with me the first time she saw me. She was employed to take care of a sick woman there, and when Asa got his eyes on her he offered to get her a place in the Home as

MATRON OF THE DINING-ROOM.

Old man Kiefer was opposed to it, but Asa was bound to have his way, and the girl got her place. Well, Asa got to running her into the office and dining-room and shutting himself in there with her. He used her there like a brute, and against her will, too. Here followed details of the most disgusting character, showing young Kiefer to be lower than a beast in every particular. 'The girl had taken a fancy to me, and I used to stop on my rounds to talk to her as I happened to meet her in the kitchen or halls. Asa heard of this, and he got down on me. He used to sort of chum it with me before, coming down to the gas-house nearly every night and smoke and talk with me. Well, about this time he stopped coming to see me and I asked him several times what the trouble was, but he always said 'Nothing.' One night the girl came down to the kitchen to get some water, and I was in there. She went right out again, and I followed her. Some one immediately told Asa that I had spent the entire evening in the kitchen with Kate Logan. The next day I met Asa and he refused to speak to me. I stopped him and asked him what the trouble was, and he said 'Nothing.' I says, 'Asa, this thing has gone far enough, and I'm going to find out what the trouble is. Now, I've got you where I want you. You come down and use me decently, or I'll give you away.' He says, 'You want to quit talking to this Logan girl or she'll lose her place.' I says, 'Now,

SHE WON'T LOSE HER PLACE.

You can't discharge her and you won't.' Then he says, 'She's in the family-way and must be got away from here.' I says, 'She is not in the family-way, for neither you nor I had anything to do with her.' The next day he came to me and said, 'That girl has got to be taken away from here, and the sooner she goes the better. I'll give you \$15 per week to take her away.' I told him I'd think about it, and the next day I accepted his offer. The next day the girl left the institution, and I followed her the day after. I was away from the institution for five weeks, and received my regular pay and the \$15 per week besides. Then I went back to the institution, and was told it didn't resign I would be discharged, and the result was I resigned. That's all I've got to say.

"The further history of the matter is that 'Briggs' took the girl to Cincinnati and lived with her for five weeks as his wife. He denies that the girl was bad, but it is known that she is living in a house of prostitution in Xenia, and that her reputation was very much like her sister's.

"During Asa's residence on the farm he made some improper assaults on the wife of the gardener there, which ended at one time in her defending herself with a stick of wood to such an extent that Kiefer was obliged to jump through a window. The result of this condition of affairs was to demoralize the children and lessen all respect for the administration."

William J. Hadley, the lawyer who was assaulted at Albany, N. Y., and cut with a knife, several weeks since by one of his clients, named Hughes, has died of his wounds. Hughes has been in jail ever since the assault.

THE COOPER'S CRIME.

Sickening Recital of the Persistent Persecution of a Faithful Wife by a Tyrannical Brute, which Culminated finally in a Savage Attempt to Murder His Long-Suffering Victim and Subsequent Suicidal Effort which was fortunately entirely Effectual.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MOORESTOWN, N. J., April 22.—The following additional particulars of the Leslie tragedy in this place on the 17th, brief mention of which was made in the preceding issue of the GAZETTE, have recently been brought to light. It appears that the perpetrator of the crime, Christian, generally known as "Cooper," Leslie, who has been a resident of this peaceful Quaker village for some years, was a desperate character, a bully, of whom every one was afraid, especially the members of his own family. He was a German, from Wirttemberg, about fifty years old when his career was cut short; a cooper by trade, and, although he came here a very poor man some twenty years ago, he had gradually accumulated property until he was the owner of the house in which he lived, about half a mile up the main street, and also of several adjacent dwellings. His wickedness never took the form of extravagant dissipation. He got drunk occasionally, but he was a domestic bully, and his specialties were beating his wife, threatening her life, and terrorizing her children. He frequently declared that he would shoot his wife, and very often clubbed her and the children.

On one occasion he is said to have taken up one of his own offspring—a baby—and, deliberately opening the oven door of the kitchen stove,

THREW IT IN TO BE BAKED TO DEATH.

He is described as a very swarthy man, with bright black eyes with a devilish gleam in them, the stealthy tread of a tiger, and an ungovernable temper of such violence that he was transformed into a raging demon by the slightest possible irritation. Cooper Leslie, as he was called, was shunned and feared by all the villagers, who treated him as some dangerous wild animal, who was to be avoided at all hazards. He had been married three times, and was united to his last wife about fifteen years ago. She is about ten years younger than he, being now about forty. By this wife, a pleasant-looking, honest woman, he had three children, and the husband and father seems to have been successful in making her life and theirs a regular hell upon earth. He has frequently driven her out of the house, charging her with having been unfaithful to him, with stealing his money and other crimes; while, on the contrary, the neighbors unite in bearing testimony to the wife's good character and faithfulness.

Leslie's treatment of his family has given much trouble to the two magistrates of Moorestown—Squire Lippincott and Squire Jayne—before whom he has been arraigned when his treatment of his family became more than usually violent, and he, in turn, has had his faithful partner arrested on charges which he could not substantiate. About six weeks ago Leslie borrowed a revolver from a neighbor on pretence that some robbers were going to visit his house. With this he attempted soon after to shoot his wife, snapping the pistol at her twice. Fortunately however, it did not go off. His wife, being in fear of her life caused his arrest for this, and he was taken before Squire Lippincott, in whose court he conducted himself

LIKE AN ENRAGED MADMAN.

He was bound over to keep the peace and held in bail to await the action of the Grand Jury at Mount Holly, before which he was to appear Tuesday.

In the meantime, Leslie became more and more abusive toward his wife, and told a neighbor that he was going to kill her. "You will be hung," suggested the neighbor. "Oh, no, I won't," he rejoined with a cunning leer. "I'll kill her, and yet I won't be hung." What he meant was shown when he attempted to execute the plot which he had doubtless formed at that time. On Monday morning, 14th, he took the train and visited Philadelphia, and while there, it is said, purchased the revolver with which he afterward committed the double crime. On Tuesday Leslie did not appear before the Grand Jury at Mount Holly, and on Wednesday he was indicted and a bench warrant issued for his arrest. On Thursday morning 17th, at about half past six o'clock, Constable Watson, of this place, went to Leslie's house to serve it. Being a little afraid of the desperado's making trouble, he merely told him to meet him at the train at twenty minutes after nine o'clock to go to Mount Holly to see after his bail. At the time of this visit Leslie's family had arisen, and Mrs. Leslie was washing some clothing in a tub. The constable says the man did not appear to be in a bad humor, and as Leslie promised to meet him at the train, Watson left him.

About ten minutes afterward a pistol shot was heard by the neighbors, and Mrs. Leslie came running toward the house of a colored man who lives next door. She dropped exhausted and unconscious in the garden, and the negro was afraid to raise her up, he says.

FOR FEAR HER HUSBAND WOULD SHOOT HIM.

The wounded woman was finally removed, when it was found that the bullet had entered the lower part of the head on the right side, just below and back of the ear. She remained unconscious for a long time, and it was not thought she could live. Everybody seems to have been afraid to enter the house to look for the would-be murderer, for about two hours after the shooting. Finally, one of his children found Leslie lying dead in the yard, back of the house.

He had shot himself in the stomach, and as the first ball had not taken immediate effect, the wretch had discharged a second. The revolver, which lay by his side, had been held so close to his person that his clothing had become ignited. All the clothing had been burned off the upper part of the body, and the corpse itself was horribly burned. Leslie was quite dead when found.

His wife, the physicians think, may recover. The bullet in the wound in her head has not been found. It is thought that it entered at an acute angle and has

penetrated to the throat. An inquest over the suicide's body was held on the 18th, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts recited above.

A Kansas Horse-Thief Lynched.

GOLIAD, Tex., April 19.—Some time back brief mention was made of the lynching in this county of a Kansas horse-thief named J. E. Bland, hailing from Bourbon county in that state. The history of the affair is somewhat outside the usual course of lynching. It appears from facts gathered from various sources, that several months ago a spring-wagon and a pair of valuable horses were stolen from the residence of an ex-sheriff near Fort Scott. The ex-official, missing his property, immediately started out in pursuit of the thief. Several days elapsed before he struck the trail. He finally, however, discovered the name of the rogue and the direction he had taken with the stolen plunder. At Fort Scott he learned the thief had picked up a woman at that place, took her with him in his wagon, passed her off as his wife, and with four or five days the start, had put out for Texas.

The ex-sheriff, well mounted and excellently armed, now determined to catch the thief, and, with this determination, entered on a hot pursuit. The pursuer was alone, but kept on the road to the Lone Star State day after day, frequently camping out, sleeping by the road side in the bleak prairies, and hobbling out his faithful steed. On, on, the weary traveler pursued his course; over hundreds of dreary miles; down through South Kansas, through the Nation—the Indian Territory—finally across the Red River, and into the broad and extensive domain of Texas. At last the "solitary horseman" rode out upon the banks of the Trinity. At the crossing on that river he learned the pair were but three days ahead. This intelligence inspired the Kansas ex-sheriff with fresh ardor, and with renewed determination he pursued his way over the vast prairies south of the Trinity; nor did he stop or draw rein until he found the thief in a farm-house near the banks of the River San Antonio, in this county.

He felt secure, nor dreamed, he or the woman, that their retreat had already been discovered. The ex-sheriff rode up to the house at dusk, and found the stolen wagon in the front yard, which he recognized, his horses quietly munching the prairie grass a few yards distant. The pursuer was now sure of his game. Taking a six-shooter in each hand, and suddenly stepping on the threshold, the ex-official put the muzzles of the pistol to Bland's head, and ordered him to give up. Taken completely by surprise, the desperado threw up his hands. The farmer at whose house the thief had taken shelter took a hand, and assisted in pinioning and hand-cuffing the illicit lover of horse-flesh. The latter fully expected to go to jail at the county town of Goliad; nothing less, nothing more. But a worse fate awaited him and his days were even then numbered. In Texas, horse-stealing is a worse crime than murder, and an old cow or horse more valuable than a human life. The neighbors, hearing a horse-thief has been arrested, hastened to form a crowd of vigilantes, themselves hardly much better than the thief. They came to the house where Bland lay bound and a prisoner, and with that lofty and honorable courage so common in Texas, they proceeded to lay violent hands on a helpless prisoner. Had he murdered somebody he would have got bail in a few hundred dollars. As it was, the mob, leaving Bland's female companion shrieking and in tears, took the prisoner out of the house. Dragging him along like a dog, they carried him to a tree some distance from the farm-house. Bland knew his hour had come; but he blanched not, and looked defiance in the grim and thievish-looking faces of his executioners, which scowled from beneath the ragged rims of old slouched hats. They told him they were going to hang him, but Bland cursed them and told them he would die game, and did. The body was left hanging to the limb—a grim memento of Texas valor. Many a man has been lynched in Texas for horse-theft, but never for murder. Bland's body was swung from a limb, and it is not unlikely some of his self-appointed executioners had stolen more horses than their victim ever did.

A Rogue's Sharp Operation.

A quick-witted rogue has recently managed to rob the director of a London banking establishment of a travelling bag, containing \$4,000 in gold, while on his way from London to Paris. Having remarked that a man seemed to follow him with suspicious persistence, when he arrived on board the Calais boat, the director took the precaution to place the precious bag on one of the seats of the cabin, and to use it as a pillow. In this position he fell asleep, but was suddenly awake by a tug at the bag. He jumped up, but as the man he found near him simulated drunkenness he kept his suspicions to himself. On reaching Calais the traveler placed the bag on the seat of a first-class carriage, and as he was the only occupant stood as sentinel at the door. But the ingenious thief was not to be out-done. Slipping around behind the train, he entered by the opposite door possessed himself of the treasure, while the bank director was looking for him among the crowd on the platform. The police were immediately informed of the affair, but no trace of the thief could be found.

Shocking Deed of an Insane Bridegroom.

RICHMOND, Va., April 19.—A most shocking tragedy occurred on the 17th, near Pattonville, Scott county, Va. Charles Bishop, a dashing young man, was married to Miss Bettie Hooker three weeks ago, and after a pleasant honeymoon he suddenly grew despondent. On that morning, while his wife was in the sitting-room at work on some fancy embroidery, he came in with an ax upraised, and with a terrific blow split her head open. A servant, hearing the noise, rushed into the room, but the fatal deed was done. The murderer at once gave himself up and put in the plea of insanity. He talked about the bloody crime in the most indifferent manner. He said to the deputy constable, "Yes, I split her skull open, but what's that?" The tragedy casts a gloom over the entire community where it occurred.

Avenging an Insult to a Father.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, O., April 21.—Quite a sensational encounter took place on Fifth street on Saturday afternoon, between Mr. William Taft, a son of Judge Alphonso Taft, and Lester A. Rose, the proprietor of a disreputable sheet called the *Sunday News*, in which the latter came out second best. The affair grew out of the publication in the *News* of an infamous slander directed against Judge Taft, which his son felt called on to punish in the manner stated. The circumstances are about as follows: In Saturday's issue of



JAMES MORRIS HATCH, MURDERED BY FELIX, M'CANN, NORWICH, N. Y.

the *News* there appeared an anonymous letter addressed to the editors and purporting to come from the wife of a gentleman holding a high judicial position in the community, in which a terrible tale of domestic misery and suffering was unfolded. The writer of the communication charged that her husband was not only unfaithful to his marriage vows, but that he had almost from the date of his marriage endeavored to inoculate her with his free-love principles.

She furthermore stated that some time after their marriage her husband had contracted a loathsome disease, and was forced to repair to Hot Springs for treatment; that on his return their baby daughter, whom he frequently caressed, became deathly sick and that she (the wife) found that her "little darling"—to quote her words—"had from the touch of her own father's lips been poisoned and inoculated with an incurable disease." The writer claimed that acting on the advice of friends, she had not brought legal proceedings against her husband, but, in order to spare her children from shame and disgrace, had until this time suffered in silence.

The communication mentioned no names, but the editorial pages of the *News* in several allusions to the letter, pointed beyond any mistake to Judge Taft as the party referred to.

Newsboys in selling the papers cried out, "All about the scandal in the Taft family." Judge Taft's sons, Will and Charley, heard them, and proceeded to investigate the matter, asked the boys who told them to cry out as they were doing. The reply invariably came that Rose instructed them. The two sons proceeded immediately to Fifth street, where the *News* office is located, after obtaining a description of Rose. The latter was standing on the steps of the building talking to a woman of disrepute. Charles Taft on seeing him whispered to his brother, "There's our man," and William stepping up to Rose inquired if he was the editor of the *News*. Rose replied in the affirmative, when Taft immediately lunged out with his left hand and dealt him a stinging blow in the face, which staggered him, and before he could recover himself Taft had followed up his first with a perfect rain of blows on Rose's head and body. The latter, who is a big man, finally clinched with his assailant, who is also above the average size, and the two rolled together to the pavement, Taft on top and pummeling



THE ST. LOUIS TRAGEDY, FREMONT, NEB.

1.—Dr. George St. Louis, the condemned wife murderer and suicide. 2.—Mrs. Mary St. Louis, his victim. 3.—Mrs. Bloomer, his alleged paramour.—See Page 6.

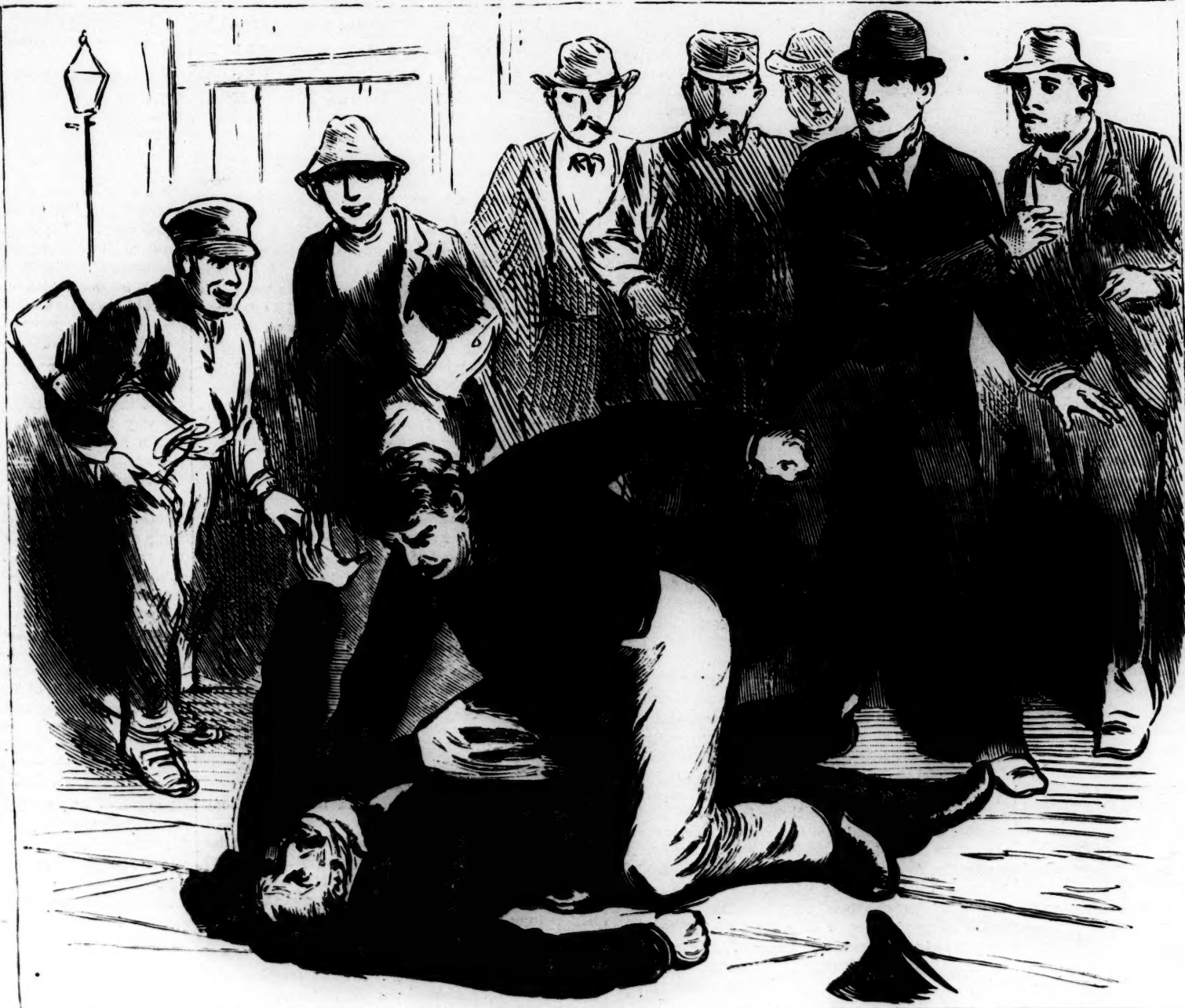
his antagonist at a lively rate. Charlie Taft, in the meantime, kept back the crowd which had gathered, telling them to let the men fight it out.

The crowd, thinking it nothing more than an ordinary street fight, and seeing that the men were pretty evenly matched, contented themselves with looking on, until Taft had had his will of pouncing Rose, when he, as a sort of wind-up, seized him by the ears and wrung them soundly, and then walked off satisfied, accompanied by his brother. Acquaintances of Rose then stepped forward, and, picking him up brought him in-doors until a hack was sent for, in

which he was taken home, considerably the worse for his tussle.

His assailant is considerable of an athlete, and was captain of the Yale College Crew of 1877. The general verdict on the street is, that Rose was served right.

It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Taft felt himself called upon to punish the author of the slander in the manner in which he did. The best course he could have taken in the matter would have been to have ignored the publication and the author altogether. The character of Judge Taft is above the reach of such infamous assaults. No one who knows



AVENGING AN INSULT TO A FATHER—WILL TAFT, SON OF EX-ATTORNEY GENERAL TAFT, ADMINISTERS A TERRIBLE PUMMELING TO LESTER A. ROSE, EDITOR OF THE *SUNDAY NEWS*, FOR THE PUBLICATION BY THE LATTER OF A SCURRILOUS ARTICLE DIRECTED AGAINST HIS FATHER, CINCINNATI, O.

him should for a moment credit the charges made against him. The affair, as it occurred, however, has been one of the sensational occurrences of the day.

How Capt. Williams "Damns" the Press.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A reporter of the *Sun* stepped into the Thirtieth street station, on the evening of the 17th, and asked the sergeant at the desk for news. The sergeant said that everything had been telegraphed. The reporter seeing Capt. Williams in the side room stepped to the door and asked if he had any news for the press.



H. C. SMITH, A "REVEREND" BIGAMIST, VER-SAILLES, MO.

"D—n the press! The door. Get out!" was the answer.

At the same time the Captain stepped quickly forward and struck the reporter violently in the breast, knocking him down. When the reporter got upon his feet Capt. Williams again knocked him down on the threshold of the door. This was in the presence of several persons.

A Mysterious Waif from the Sea.

On Sunday afternoon, 20th, Keeper Sutton of East Beacon Lighthouse, at the point of Sandy Hook, saw from his perch at the top of the tower the body of a girl, whose face and long brown hair were visible as the body floated with the waves beating from the ocean toward the Horseshoe. The body followed the line of the shore, and Keeper Sutton finally reached it with a pole and drew it ashore. He was ignorant of the law and feared to remove the body, but a neighbor encouraged him to carry it beyond high water mark. The neighbor then walked to the nearest telegraph station, and the Coroner in Long Branch was informed. A dense and pathless growth of stunted pines separates the end of the Hook from the terminus of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, and on this account, and because of the discontinuance of railroad travel on Sunday, Coroner Britton was unable to reach the Lighthouse until the following day.

He found the remains to be those of a girl about twelve years, with a face of German cast, and hands that bore no marks of toil, but were small and shapely. The body showed no wounds or injuries of any sort, except the discoloration that long immersion had produced. A round black comb gathered the long hair at the back of the head. The clothing consisted of a brown and white checked calico frock, a white linen waist, drab knitted stockings, laced shoes, and undergarments of a maroon-colored merino. Little gold ear-rings bearing heart-shaped pendants set with tiny rubies, adorned her ears. These were removed and pieces were cut from each of her garments, and then the testimony of Keeper Sutton was taken.

An examination of the body afforded no hint of the manner of death. The body has been long in the water, but whether it had floated in from the sea or out from the Shewsbury River or New York Bay, it was impossible to say. The remains were

buried by Deputy Coroner Bearmore in the cemetery in Mechanicsville.

Colonel Sellers' New "Business."

[Subject of Illustration.]

AUBURN, N. Y., April 22.—Without previous rehearsal John T. Raymond, who has achieved fame as Colonel Sellers, appeared in a character of an entirely different nature in Auburn to-day. Last night he played here as *Weigel* in "My Son" at the Academy of Music. Mr. Raymond and his company put up at the Gaylard House, and while settling the bill at eight o'clock this morning Sedley Brown, a member of the troupe, and the proprietor of the hotel, Andrew M. McCoy, became engaged in a dispute. Brown waxed wroth and his anger overcame his discretion, and he gave vent to his feelings by a stinging blow in the landlord's face. McCoy remonstrated and advanced as if to strike Brown, when Mr. Raymond stepped in and made a pass at McCoy. But it seems he was not as skilled in pugilism as the owner of the hotel. McCoy let out his right arm and his compressed hand came in forcible contact with Raymond's left optic. This act incensed Raymond to such an extent that he abandoned nature's weapons, and, seizing two spittoons, hurled them in rapid succession at McCoy's head, but McCoy caught them without injury.

Raymond, after this maneuver, ran to his apartments on the second floor and gazed into the mirror. The sight of a swollen and discolored eye incited him to seek vengeance, and he picked up a small bamboo cane that he was in the habit of carrying and rushed down-stairs. He dealt McCoy a blow on the right temple, which, owing to its force, severed a small vein. The blood flowed profusely, but the wound proved to be only slight. Raymond's next move was to spring into a hack and instruct the driver to proceed to the Central and Hudson Railroad Depot. Before the train arrived McCoy had procured two police officers and had Raymond placed under arrest.

Raymond was taken to the station-house, whither he was followed by his whole troupe. A lawyer was called by Raymond, and through his influence a settlement was effected. As he was leaving the office of the chief of police, where he had been held an involuntary prisoner, he missed his cane, and, turning to a lady companion, inquired, "Where is that cane? I would not lose it for \$100; I want to keep it as a memento of this occasion." He spoke of the affair as being disgraceful, but laughed over it. A physician dressed his injured eye and put it in condition for his appearance at Syracuse this evening. The affair created intense excitement and a crowd that completely filled the large building gathered at the depot when Raymond departed at eleven o'clock.

Brutal Assault by Jersey Buffans.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About one o'clock on the morning of the 17th, Justice Laird, living on Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights, was awakened by a heavy wagon stopping before his residence. A second later a loud knock at the door was heard, which he promptly answered. An aged man and young woman confronted him as he opened the door, and learning that it was a case which required immediate attention, the Justice opened the door of his court. In the wagon carefully blanketed, was Charles Koegel, a young man, the husband of the woman. Koegel was in a comatose condition, and was carried from the wagon into the court-room. A doctor was summoned, and under treatment he recovered sufficiently to tell his story, but with great difficulty, as he was faint and weak. He said he was driving his team home, and was on Fonelle avenue, near the Secaucus road, a short distance from his residence, when four men suddenly appeared from their hiding place. They stopped his horses, and, jumping upon his wagon, pulled him from the seat into the road, where they kicked and beat him into insensibility. He identified two of his assailants, one of whom was Henry Fisher, a swill collector, and a neighbor of



M'LE MARIE AIMEE, QUEEN OF OPERA BOUFFE, AS "LA MARJOLAINE."—See Page 11
(Photographed by Mora.)

Koegel's; the other was a man in Fisher's employ. Mrs. Koegel heard her husband's cries for help, and it was her coming that caused the assailants to flee. Mrs. Koegel, when she discovered her husband, summoned her father, who lives with her, and Dr. Scultz was called, who attended Koegel and restored him to consciousness. The doctor advised them to immediately place the case before the court, and covering Koegel up warmly they visited Justice Laird. The Justice issued the warrants, but no constable being on hand he, with two neighbors repaired to Fisher's place and took him and his workmen into custody.

British Treatment of the South Africans.

An Englishwoman, writing from Natal, gives the following description of how the blacks are treated by our philanthropic British cousins in South Africa:

"A few days ago one of my sister's Kafir men was very impudent. He was outside doing something, and when my sister told him to come in he would not, but stood staring at her. She called him three or four times, but he would not come, so she told him she would get a whip to him, when all of a sudden he bolted, and my sister and myself ran after him to catch him. I caught him by the shirt, and just as we were going round the cow-shed, there was a very high rose hedge at the back, he pulled from me and was over it like a shot. Then my sister told him she would send a policeman after him, at which he was rather frightened and soon came back, but would not come in the house. So my sister ran up to him and caught him by his wool, dragged him up the steps into the kitchen and whipped him. He snatched the whip from her and tried to break it. There happened to be a rolling pin close at hand, so Mary took it and gave him two or three knocks over the head. Ever since that he has worked wonderfully well. You would have roared with laughter had you seen all, especially seeing us both running down the garden after him as hard as ever we could and the way Mary dragged him into the house by his wool. We were all alone at the time, as papa and my brothers were out."

How he Played it on the Marshal.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., April 21.—Deputy United States Marshal George Barnes went to Magnet Cove a few days ago after a desperate character named R. C. Preston, charged with illicit distilling. The marshal rode up to the house where Preston was residing, and, on his man coming to the door in answer to his call, informed him that he was a prisoner. Preston said he was willing to go, but wanted to know if Barnes would not allow him to put up a few things to take with him. The marshal replied that he would wait, and turned away to get a drink of water. Preston stepped just inside of the door, and, reaching overhead took down a large double-barreled shot-gun, at the same time saying, "I have altered my mind, and concluded not to visit the Springs this season. I would be very happy to accompany you, but other duties prevent." There was the shot-gun, with his man at the other end of it. It was rather perplexing to the officer, who replied, "Well, we will postpone the visit this time, and call again." Preston ordered him to get upon his horse and get. Barnes inquired if there was not a nearer road to the Springs than this one. The former prisoner answered by saying, "That is near enough for you. Git!" And he accordingly got.

The Troy (Ala.) *Enquirer* tells of an insane woman Miss Carrie Boatrite, aged forty-five years, in the Andrews' settlement, Pike county, who left her brother and was lost in the woods for twenty-one days without other food than the buds of trees. She was found by friends and forced to return home. A brother, during her absence, was charged with having murdered her and a mob had been formed to lynch him.



"COOPER" LESLIE'S CRIMES.—THE PERSISTENT PERSECUTION OF A FAITHFUL WIFE BY A TYRANNICAL HUSBAND WHICH CULMINATED IN A SAVAGE ATTEMPT TO MURDER HIS LONG SUFFERING VICTIM AND HIS SUBSEQUENT SUCCESSFUL SUICIDAL EFFORT, MOORESTOWN, N. J.—See Page 3.

DODGED THE DROP.

How Dr. George St. Louis, the Condemned Nebraska Wife-Poisoner, Secured a Reprieve, in Spite of the Law,

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Reluctantly Relinquishing Hope, at the Last Moment Before Execution he Makes a Desperate Attempt at Suicide.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND CRIMES.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

WAHOO, Neb., April 18.—This little town was astir at an early hour this morning. It was generally known throughout the country that the execution of Dr. George St. Louis, for the crime of wife-murder, would take place, and long before the appointed hour the crowds began coming. The prisoner was confined in jail at Fremont, twenty miles north, where the crime was committed, but was to be hanged here, where he was convicted on a charge of venue. He was to be brought over at an early hour this morning by Sheriff Kopplekum, of that place, and between one and three o'clock this afternoon was to have been hanged.

The gallows was erected in the new jail here, in the usual form, with a trap-door from which the victim would drop into eternity the moment the sheriff set foot upon the lever. Rumors began to circulate about eight o'clock that the condemned had committed suicide, and the non-arrival of Sheriff Kopplekum awakened suspicions that something had occurred to cause delay. At nine o'clock Sheriff Johnson, of this county, received a telegram from Sheriff Kopplekum to come at once, as St. Louis

MIGHT LIVE TO BE EXECUTED.

He promptly responded, arrived at a quarter past twelve, and proceeded at once to the jail, where the unfortunate victim was weltering in his gore on the cot where he fell after the pistol-ball had done its work. He was still alive, but in a comatose state. He had been ordered by his guards to dress himself at about half past two o'clock this morning, preparatory to the ride to Wahoo, had raised up from his cot, and was sitting thereon with his feet on the floor. One of the guards had stepped into the corridor of the jail to get his boots. The other guard was standing about ten feet distant, near the door of the cell, when he saw the motion of Dr. St. Louis's arm, as he raised his right hand from beneath the bed-cover to his head, the act being instantly followed by the report of a pistol. The guard sprang to him just in time to ease him down upon the couch, where he fell, the blood and brains gushing from the hole in the skull made by the unerring bullet.

He had previously tied a handkerchief tightly around his head, and placing the revolver against the handkerchief, fired, the ball striking the right temple. It had made, in all probability, a fatal wound, and the perpetrator of a horrible crime

HAD ADDED THAT OF SUICIDE.

The bullet was fired from a "Robin Hood" No. 1 pistol, the ball being conical in shape, and entered the head about two inches above and a half inch in front of the right ear. His head was bandaged at the time, and the ball passed through the bandage, through the skull in a slightly upward direction into the cavity thereof, where it remains. The physicians say the wound will probably prove fatal in a short time. At three o'clock this morning the Governor was telegraphed the facts, and asked to grant a respite until the result of the wound shall be developed. He replied at once, and granted a reprieve until May 16, on which day the sentence is to be carried into execution if the wound does not prove fatal before that time.

Fremont was in a blaze of excitement this morning, as soon as the attempted suicide was known. The sheriff immediately summoned the coroner and he sent for all the physicians in the town. After they had arrived they examined the wound and introduced a probe, but the brains began to ooze out of the hole in the skull so that they immediately desisted from further attempts to find the ball, the victim being all the while in an unconscious state. The greatest interest was manifested at how he got

THE PISTOL WITH WHICH HE DID THE WORK.

As late as two P.M., yesterday, his cell was searched thoroughly, and not a weapon of any kind was found. All the parties who had access to him are known, and it is only the truth to say that some of them are suspected of giving him the pistol. If the wound proves fatal the coroner's jury will make this a special subject of investigation. Just before the shooting, St. Louis expressed a desire to see his dead wife's sister, Mrs. Gretzen, who lives in Fremont, and she was summoned to the jail. To her he protested his innocence, and asked her forgiveness and kind care of his children. He also gave her \$5.30, with his wallet, and asked her to see that he had a Christian burial. Up to this time she had believed in his guilt. She retired to the ante-room, where she met Father Lonergon, one of his spiritual advisers, and expressed the desire of a Christian burial for St. Louis, and said she had received his dying statement of his innocence. When the report of the pistol was heard, she exclaimed, "I believe he meant to do this when he was talking to me. Why did he summon me at this hour, in the dead of night, to witness this terrible death?" He has repeatedly threatened suicide. When the verdict of the jury was announced in Wahoo, he remarked to a friend sitting near, "I'll never be hung." Only last night he told one of the guards: "They may all go to Wahoo to-morrow morning, but I'll stay here." He was evidently writing the last letter to his parents and children, when it was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Gretzen, and the command of the guard to get ready for the ride to Wahoo. This letter, so abruptly terminated, reads as follows:

April 17, 1879.—DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER AND MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN, ETHEL AND IDA: I must leave you now forever, and remember me kindly. Father and mother, teach my little ones—

This was all. He has not uttered a groan or spoken a word since the shot was fired. At four o'clock this afternoon he was still breathing. He prepared a statement of his case, which is left in the hands of one of his spiritual advisers.

Dr. George St. Louis went to Fremont some time in 1872, and formed a partnership with Dr. Krebs. He claimed to be a graduate of an eclectic school of medicine in Canada, and exhibited certificates, which proved to be forgeries. He practiced medicine in Fremont about five years, and in course of events became enamored of a Mrs. Bloomer, a woman with some claims to beauty, a seamstress by occupation, with two children. Her husband was in Minnesota. Dr. St. Louis became acquainted with her in a professional capacity, and afterward, it is alleged,

SUSTAINED IMPROPER RELATIONS WITH HER.

For a time she moved in the best circles in Fremont, and at the Fourth of July celebration, in 1877, represented the Goddess of Liberty, and was surrounded by the best ladies of Fremont. In 1877, Mrs. St. Louis was taken ill, and after attending her some time himself, St. Louis called in Dr. Elwood and another doctor. Two weeks later Mrs. St. Louis died, but immediately before her death Mrs. Elwood detected Dr. St. Louis administering to her a white powder in some water. This excited a suspicion, and an autopsy was made by several physicians of Fremont, and sufficient indications were observed to induce them to believe that the deceased had been poisoned. An analysis of the stomach was made by Prof. Haines of Rush Medical College, Chicago, who found 9-10 grains of arsenic in the stomach, bowels and liver—more than ten times sufficient to produce death. The doctor was arrested and indicted, and upon his trial the jury stood eight for conviction, and four for acquittal. On the second trial, at Wahoo, Saunders county, the jury, after being out three or four hours, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and the prisoner was

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.

The case was carried to the Supreme Court, which affirmed the judgement, and the date of his execution was fixed for the 18th of April.

Dr. St. Louis, according to his own statement, was born in Wisconsin in 1839, being one of twelve children—six boys and six girls—all of whom are living. Two of his brothers are farmers, two are millwrights, and one is a Catholic priest, who presides over a church in Chicago, built from his own means. Dr. St. Louis was the third son, and lived at home until he was sent to a Catholic school in Milwaukee to be educated for the priesthood.

At the end of the first year he grew tired of his studies, and subsequently he went to Appleton, where he was married at the age of nineteen. Four months afterward his young wife died, and after his arrest at Fremont for the poisoning of his second wife, it was charged that the first wife died also under suspicious circumstances, but

OF THIS THERE WAS NO PROOF.

After the death of the first wife he began the study of medicine, and attended a course of lectures at McGill Medical College, at Montreal, as he claimed. When the civil war broke out he returned to the states and enlisted in the 33rd Illinois infantry, becoming an assistant surgeon. He met with a railroad accident, by which he was badly injured, and consequently he came home on a furlough. For two years he was unable to walk, and was honorably discharged, and granted a pension. He married his second wife at Appleton, she having been a schoolmate of the first. Soon after his second marriage he began the publication of a Catholic paper, *The Star of Bethlehem*, at Milwaukee, which he edited until 1871, when he returned to Appleton, and went into the drug business. This brings his career down to 1872, when he settled in Fremont. He stoutly protests his innocence of the crime for which he was convicted, to the last moment. His two children were sent some time ago to his father and mother, in Wisconsin.

The Terror of the Frontier.

"The man with the gold tooth" is at present the terror of the frontier. His name is Middleton, and he is thirty-five years old. He began his career as an outlaw in 1877, at Sidney, Neb., where he killed a man, and was convicted of murder. He escaped from Sidney, organized a band of robbers, plundered, burned and murdered, until the fall of 1877, when he was lodged in jail, only to tunnel himself out with a coal scuttle. Reorganizing with fifty men, he stole 3,000 head of cattle from the Ponca Indians. The robbery of a German settlement on the Elkhorn led to hot pursuit by a squad of horsemen. The trail was followed for three days. On the morning of the fourth day, the Germans awoke to find their pickets murdered and every horse stolen. Middleton gets his sobriquet from a front upper tooth made entirely of gold. He is six feet tall, and wears a fierce black mustache, under which the tooth shines like a grain of corn. Two needle guns, four revolvers, and two dirks make his armament.

Enough of that Sort of Thing.

There was a romantic marriage near Big Meadows, Nevada, about two years ago. James Barney, a ne'er-do-well Irish boy, rescued Maria Henrison, a strapping heroine of the frontier, from a perilous rock over the edge of a cliff, and straightway was rewarded by the girl with her hand and heart. But the matrimonial venture has been worse than the cliff danger. Maria thinks, for, under her signature she has printed the following card in the Nevada *Silver State*: "My husband, Jim Barney, the ugliest man that ever lived has left my bed and board without any justifiable cause. I used to do all I could to make him pretty comfortable, and in spite of all my wishes he would cut up like the devil and run after women. Now, I want all the women to notice this act of mine. I won't pay a darned cent of his debts, and I hope no one will return him to me, 'cos I don't want him."

TIED TO A TYRANT.

The Outrageous Treatment of a Young and Pretty Wife at the Hands of an Old and Ugly Husband who hadn't even the Grace to make Amends for his Physical Shortcomings by Fidelity to His very much Better-Half.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 19.—There is a huge undercurrent of gossip at the Gibson House. Everybody is talking about it, and everybody tells everybody else with the strictest injunctions of secrecy, especially cautioning them that the newspapers must not get hold of it. Every day when a pretty little woman of twenty or so comes into the dining-room the waiters look at her and then at each other and whisper: "It's a shame that her husband treats her so. She's so young and pretty and he's so old and ugly."

The clerks canvass it among themselves in the office, and stop short in the middle of the rehearsal when a stranger comes up to look on the register. The bell-boys glare furiously at a short, fat man with a red face and bald head as he comes in, and whisper among themselves, "There he is; look at him." But they don't glare now so much as they did two days ago, for he is reported missing since that time, when he bade his little wife good-day and strolled out to return not.

He is a well-known business man on Main street, fat, red-faced, bald-headed, and with a black mustache and good clothes. A member of his firm figured largely before the Cincinnati public some years ago, in a tragedy which is remembered by every Cincinnati, and was, it is alleged, "fired out" of the firm on account of the unpleasant notoriety which he had saddled upon the firm by this fact. He married a pretty wife out west two or three years ago, twenty-five years his junior, brought her to Cincinnati and began keeping house out on the Hills. Things went smoothly for a while, but by and by, it is claimed, the demon of drink began to get his work in, and

THEN THERE WAS TROUBLE.

The domestic scenes are described as something terrible, and the abuse which the pretty young wife received, past imagination, until, her health broken by a year of this agony, she was obliged to return to the parental roof. He accompanied her, but was soon called back to Cincinnati on "business," leaving her there. Returning, he wrote to her occasionally, telling her how he longed to see her, but taking care, says the story, to caution her that her health would suffer if she returned. A few days ago, however, she concluded that she was able to return, and, hoping for happiness and better things than in the past, decided to come unannounced, and give her loving husband a pleasant surprise by her return. On the way, however, she telegraphed that she would be here at a certain hour on Sunday morning, and asking him to meet her at the train. To her surprise, however, on her arrival he was not there. She, however, hoping for the best, took a carriage for the Gibson House. Arriving there she spent the day in sending to his place of business, his father's house and other places where he was likely to be found, but could not hear from him. Nothing was heard from him, however, all day Sunday or until noon on Monday. The wife had at that time sent again to his place of business, when a lady in the hotel approached the still unsuspecting wife and informed her that she had

A DREADFUL SECRET TO IMPART.

That the strangely missing husband had been during the absence of his wife contracting some very bad habits; not to put too fine a point on it, he had been living with a woman—a woman of the town—formerly an inmate of Miss Joe Woods's *maison de joie*, and that he had probably been spending Sunday with her, which accounted for his failure to meet his wife on her arrival. The effects of this terrible disclosure upon the mind of the already disturbed young wife, thousands of miles from the parental roof, can only be imagined. The disclosure had but just been made, and its horror had but fairly dawned upon her mind when the door opened and the faithless husband presented himself. Then, with a cry of agony, the young wife, realizing the full import of the disclosures, made doubly keen by his unexpected presence, fell fainting to the floor.

The remainder is easily told. There were charges and at first denials, then, it is said, partial admissions, then admissions in full; that he loved the strange woman; that he had been living with her; that he did not love his wife, and that

HE ONLY WISHED FOR A SEPARATION.

There were kindly interferences by mutual friends, and attempts to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and the result was an expressed willingness on the part of both to forgive and be forgiven, and to forget the past. There were days of this struggle, which, however, only ended in the unaccountable disappearance of the husband again, until the only explanation was that he had returned to his mistress, which supposition recent investigations, it is claimed, support. Then there was more trouble, and a few days since, the husband bade the young wife good-bye, and disappeared, leaving her without money, and has not since been seen by her. One of the clerks of the Gibson House, reports having seen him on the following night on Vine street with a bad blonde, since which no trace of him has been found by his wife or her attorneys, who were yesterday in search of him.

The wife, it is learned, has applied to a prominent attorney of the city to take the case in hand and force the husband to, at least, recognize his duty toward her from a financial and legal stand-point. She is described as a pretty little brunette of about twenty; with dark curly hair, dark eyes, and an energy and determination that will make things very warm for the fat, bald-headed, red-faced man that she has the misfortune to call her husband.

A Child's Awful Vision.

The brutal murder of Mrs. Hickey by her husband at Warren, last week, says the Akron, O., *Beacon*, has brought into prominence one of those inexplicable phenomena of dreams which, though not unheard-of,

are still rare enough to excite general attention and comment. As was stated in connection with the news of the *Beacon*, Monday afternoon, the principal actors in this tragic affair were parents of a thirteen-year-old girl, Nellie, who is living in the family of Mr. Perry Woods, on the corner of Market and Summit streets, and a brighter, more intelligent child of her age cannot be found, we venture to say, in Summit county.

On the morning of the fatal affray, at the hour of six, just the time when Hickey and his wife were engaged in the terrible struggle in the room of the Warren Hotel, the daughter woke from a frightful dream, in her East Market-street home, sobbing and crying over a horrible vision which had appeared in the midst of her disturbed slumber. So deep an impression did it make on her mind that she communicated it to other members of the house. The sight she had seen was nothing else than the cold-blooded murder of her mother. The form and features of the parent were plainly visible, and her agonized appeal to her murderer was as clearly pictured, but the face of the assassin was hid from her view. An involuntary cry for help came from the troubled sleeper and the next instant she awoke to find that the frightful picture was only a dream. It still clung to her mind with all the vividness of real occurrence, refusing to be dismissed, and the first item that met her gaze on taking up the evening paper was the startling news of her mother's murder which she had seen in her morning dream.

The child states that the long series of trouble between her father and mother have been paving the way for this tragic ending, and that her mother had frequently expressed the fear that she would sooner or later die at Hickey's hands. She exhibits little sympathy for her father, but was overwhelmed with grief over the fate of her mother, who, she states, has always treated her with the greatest kindness. She will probably be a witness for the prosecution at Hickey's trial, which takes place some time in May.

A Gambler's Fatal Cut.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 20.—To-night at midnight John Callahan, well known here, was cut and is pronounced fatally stabbed. His assailant was Joe Hook. Like the victim, he is a well-known character about town, both being sporting men. Neither of them belong to the better class of the gambling fraternity. The circumstances of the affair were these: The two men, who have cherished a grudge for nearly a year, met last night about ten o'clock in Emil Kassel's drinking saloon. At the bar the old trouble was renewed, and from words they came to blows, in the course of which a number of persons became interested on both sides. Reports agree that Callahan was decidedly getting the best of Hook when the latter ran behind the bar. Callahan followed him, when Hook seized a large carving knife, used to cut cheese for sandwiches, and plunged it into John, the latter hesitated a moment and then made a lunge toward Hook, but by this time the spectators realized what was occurring and caught him and carried him away. The affair so shocked every one present that in the excitement Hook quietly walked out of the place. The wound was in Callahan's abdomen and was six inches deep, penetrating to the cavity of the belly. Hook was arrested in the vicinity of the Union depot about an hour afterwards. The two men were about a year ago very warm friends; they had a difficulty since that time, and have ever since maintained a dogged and deep-seated grudge. Both are well-known characters. Callahan is a native of Pittsburgh, twenty-seven years old, and a single man. He has a reputation among gamblers here and elsewhere of being one of the best manipulators of short cards in the business. He also carries the name of being a good fighter, a reputation he gained some years ago by administering a thrashing to the well-known Tom Hughes, since when, it is said, he has never been whipped. Hook is known as a gambler, and in police circles is regarded as crooked, though nothing has been successfully charged to him. He left here for California after the railroad riots and was gone several months. No charge was ever preferred against him formally but it was tolerably hinted about in certain circles that the reason for his disappearance was the fact that he was the man that fired the first shot.

A Heroic Mountaineer.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 19.—On the morning of the 16th, Ben. Moody, a mountaineer, living near Blowing Rock, in Watauga county, met with a terrible death while engaged in log-rolling. Log-rolling is often attended with accidents, usually of a fatal character, owing to the fact that often the logs have to be rolled down steep declivities. This process is called training, and requires both strength and skill. It was while Ben. Moody and Bob Green were training a log that the former met his death. They had rolled the log some distance down the mountain towards the heap, but when they had reached the steepest part in the route both men discovered that they were unable to manage it, and determined to turn it loose. Moody placed his spike near the center of the log and told his companion to leap for his life, and that he would follow. Green jumped and cleared the track of the log, but when Moody attempted to follow his foot caught in a projecting root, and the next moment the log passed over his body. Every bone in his body was broken, and he scarcely breathed when his companion reached him. Moody's conduct in forcing his friend to leave the dangerous position in which they were placed, while he faced it with unflinching nerve, smacks of the heroic.

Revenge on a Divorced Wife.

NEWARK, N. J., April 21.—Adam Wolf, a jeweler in the employ of Hawkins & Dodd, shot his wife to-night. They have not lived happily for a long time past, and the wife entered suit for a divorce. The decree of divorce was granted to-day. Wolf, at about 11 o'clock, armed himself with a shot-gun and visited his home, 72 Hamilton street. As soon as he saw her he leveled the gun and fired. The shot struck her in the leg, inflicting a dangerous wound. Wolf fled.

ANOTHER CLERICAL BEAT.

This Time it is the Reverend George Bowers, the Petted Pastor of a Little New Jersey Hamlet, who

COMES TO THE FORE AS A FRAUD.

He Drifts into a Fast Life, Elopes with a Married Woman, with a Charge of Heavy Forgery Over him and is Arrested

AS AN ALLEGED ABSCONDING CRIMINAL.

The members of the Congregational church, in Coonville, N. J., admit regretfully that the Rev. George Bowers, who has been their pastor for six years, has gone away with the wife of another man, and has left behind many debts and several forged notes. So strong was the confidence of many of them in Mr. Bowers that it was only after the most convincing proof of his guilt that had been laid before them that they believed it. There was at least two notes upon which he had forged his brother's name, as alleged, and had obtained discounts, and there was the information, from sources regarded as reliable, that Mr. Bowers had been traced to Baltimore, and was in company with Mrs. Leecroft, who has lived in an adjoining parish. The church in Coonville has been without a pastor for several Sundays, and the congregation, saddened and discouraged, are in no frame of mind for making any effort to

KEEP UP RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Coonville is a little hamlet in the town of Warrenville, some ten miles north from Plainville, and in a locality that is called, in a general way in that part of New Jersey, "On the Mountains." The people who live there are peaceable. Constables and justices are seldom needed there. The people are mostly Germans or of German descent, and are farmers. It is said that there is not a more thrifty community in New Jersey. They are all church-going people. Among them the Rev. George Bowers was born and grew to manhood. He was the brightest boy, so it is said, who lived on the mountains, and when he decided to study for the ministry, they urged him to stay among them and preach to them. Mr. Bowers spoke German and English fluently, and when he preached his first sermon about six years ago to his congregation, in what was then the little Dutch Reformed church, he delivered it in German. This pleased his hearers, and ever since he has pronounced the morning discourse in that language. His congregation have always regarded him as an effective speaker, and believed that he was

THE SINCERE MAN THAT HE SEEMED TO BE.

His reputation extended, and he was invited to preach in churches in Somerville, Plainfield and other places. He labored hard at first, and the congregation increased so much that the little church was uncomfortably filled every Sunday. The farmers within a circuit of ten miles drove in with their families, and there were not seats enough for all of them. Then they gave their time and money, and built with their own hands a new church, the first church edifice "On the Mountains." It will seat four hundred people. Mr. Bowers was a musician, and it was his habit, after giving out the hymns, to step down from the pulpit and take his seat at the organ, and lead the singing as well. With a salary of \$1,000, a pleasant home, and a confiding congregation, it was thought that his position was an especially enviable one. It was thought best to withdraw from the Dutch Reformed Classis some time ago, and the Congregational form of church government was adopted.

The first speck of trouble that arose, was Mr. Bower's fondness for fast horses. Some of his congregation remonstrated with him, saying that the example of a clergyman who spent much of his time in driving fast horses was not good, and Mr. Bowers admitted that the suggestion was a proper one, and said that he would heed it. The speck grew larger when there came to the parishioners numerous complaints that their pastor was

RUNNING NEEDLESSLY IN DEBT.

When he was urged to be more cautious he seemed sincerely to regret his imprudence.

About two months ago, Mr. Bowers went away without any announcement of his intention to do so. His wife and mother and the congregation were seriously alarmed, and, while he was gone, the evidences of his pecuniary obligations came to the family. An intimate friend said on the 19th that these amounted to nearly \$7,000, and there were some transactions brought to light which created a suspicion that Mr. Bowers was either irresponsible for his acts or else was deliberately wicked. For instance, a farmer complained that Mr. Bowers had bought a horse of him, giving him a note therefor for \$80, and the next day sold the horse for cash, and never paid the note. Mr. Bowers came back about three weeks ago as suddenly as he had disappeared. He said that he had wandered here and there, and had not been himself. He expressed great contrition, and begged his people to take him back on sufferance, and his penitence seemed so sincere that nothing but

SYMPATHY WAS EXPRESSED FOR HIM.

Mr. Bowers called on his wife's sister, Miss Miller, of Plainfield, and, with tears in his eyes, asked her to help him, and she loaned him \$150, nearly all the money she had been able to save out of the earnings of several years. A day or two after he disappeared again, and at the same time Mrs. Leecroft went away without a word of explanation. Mrs. Leecroft is said to be a prepossessing woman, about twenty-five years of age, and her husband is connected with some of the New York theatres in a minor capacity. She was a good singer, and had sung with Mr. Bowers often in local concerts. They have been thrown together through their musical tastes more or less for the past

two years, and, while there was an attempt to gossip about the intimacy, it was quickly suppressed by the members of the Church.

The parishioners learned that Mr. Bowers had been seen in the cars, and were informed that Mr. Leecroft had followed his wife as far as Baltimore, and then lost all trace of his wife and Mr. Bowers. From one or two slight circumstances, it is believed that Mr. Bowers's purpose is to go to some of the territories.

Boston, Mass., April 22.—Rev. George Bowers, of Coonville, N. J., is under arrest here for alleged forgery committed while in charge of the Coonville flock. About two months ago Bowers left his home without any announcement of his intention to do so. It is stated that his forgeries amount to nearly \$7,000. Bowers was accompanied by a married woman named Leecroft, who belonged to the neighboring parish, and who is now in Boston. Bowers was arrested by an officer from Newark.

Attempted Assassination of Edwin Booth.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHICAGO, Ill., April 23.—During the play of "Richard III." to-night, at McVicker's Theatre, a man fired two shots at Edwin Booth from the balcony, neither of which, fortunately, hit the intended victim.

The play had advanced to the second scene of the fifth act, known as the prison scene. The lights were turned down, and the theatre almost as dark as night, when suddenly the flash of a pistol was seen in the second balcony, at right, quickly followed by another. The shots were fired at Booth, who was upon the stage. The assassin made an attempt to fire a third time, but was prevented by some one sitting near.

The greatest excitement prevailed both among the audience and on the stage, women screaming and men yelling to catch the assassin. The scene was probably equalled when J. Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, Washington. The lights were turned on as quickly as possible, and officers hastened to where the assassin was held by men of the audience. The actor, who seems to have instantly realized that the attempt had been directed against his life, walked to the front of the stage and pointed out the man to the crowd. By this time the theatre was in a terrible uproar, men and women running about as though wild. Mrs. Booth, daughter of Mr. McVicker, was in the green-room, and when Mrs. Sharpe, wife of the manager of the theatre, who was in the box, ran into a room saying, "They are trying to kill your husband," she fainted with terror.

The would-be assassin was at once arrested by officers and taken to the police station. Had it not been for the speedy action of cooler heads in the audience he would certainly have been lynched by the infuriated crowd. At the station he gave his name as Mart Gray, and said that he was employed in the dry-goods house of Scroggs, Vandervoort & Barney, of St. Louis. An incoherent letter was found in his pocket, addressed to a girl named Katie in an Ohio town in which he stated his intention of murdering Mr. Booth. In his cell he declared that he had been looking for Booth for three years with the intention of killing him and is surprised that he did not succeed, which is the only thing about the affair which he regrets. When asked why he bought the pistol he replied, "For the purpose I put it to." He would give no more definite explanation of his act than that Booth had once wronged a friend of his and he had been determined to punish him ever since. He said, however, that his reasons, when made public, would be deemed sufficient. He was only thirty-four feet distant from Booth when he fired. He was at all events, undoubtedly, in his right mind. He is about twenty-three years of age, and bears a wonderful resemblance to Booth. He declines to say where his father is. It is believed that there is a woman somehow concerned in the affair, which produced intense excitement throughout the city.

Mr. Booth said that when the first shot was fired he looked up and saw the man, but had no idea he was firing at him. In an instant Gray took deliberate aim at his head, and the bullet very nearly hit him. He did not know the man, but said he had frequently received letters warning him that his life would be taken, but he had never paid much attention to them.

H. C. Smith a "Reverend" Bigamist and Absconder.

[With Portrait.]

H. C. Smith, whose portrait is given on another page, is a smooth specimen of the clerical rogue for whose apprehension a reward of fifty dollars is offered by the Western Detective Association, at Versailles, Mo. The special offense for which he is wanted in this instance, is bigamy, he having married a lady near Nevada, Vernon County, Mo., recently, while having at least one other wife living. He professes to be a Christian or Campbellite preacher, and is "immense" on "protracted meetings," his apparent zeal, obtrusive piety and plausible manners, affording him an excellent opportunity for obtaining the confidence of his intended dupes, male or female. He left Fort Scott on April 9th, accompanied by a lady, by way of the Gulf road. Before leaving Fort Scott, he pawned an overcoat, and was attired in a blue cloth coat when he set out on his travels. He is described as about 5 feet 11 inches in height; blue eyes, light or auburn hair; whiskers of a light sandy color; is a member of the Masonic order.

Any information concerning him is to be telegraphed immediately to the Western Detective Association, Versailles, Mo.

Johnson, the Bay Shore Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of Ephraim Henry Johnson, who is charged with the murder of his wife, at Bay Shore, Long Island, a few weeks since. The murder was attended by circumstances of great atrocity, an illicit attachment for the daughter of his victim by a former marriage being the apparent motive for the deed, and caused great excitement in the vicinity of the occurrence. Johnson escaped, but was captured some time after and lodged in jail

HUNTED BY A HUSBAND.

How a Nice Young Village Adonis was Run to Earth by an Enraged Citizen, with whose Wife He had been too Familiar, and is Compelled to beg like a Cur for His Life at the Hands of the Man he had so Foully Injured.

RIPLEY, O., April 19.—A sensation of a more than ordinary magnitude has been created in this, Brown county, by the recent exposure of a scandal of which the small town of Higginsport, near here, is the scene. It appears that on Sunday night last a young man named Waldo Love, was terribly beaten by John F. Gardner, in that place on account of having been caught in criminal intimacy with Gardner's wife.

It appears that John F. Gardner, the injured husband, is a young gentleman of family and means. He has been engaged in the leaf-tobacco business for some years, and is well acquainted "in the bottom" at Cincinnati. He is about thirty-five years of age, handsome, educated, worldly-inclined, but temperate withal. Some five years since he married Addie, the beautiful daughter of James H. Elliott, and they now have a family of three interesting children. Their married life ran smoothly, and the confiding husband and father never had reason to mistrust his wife's constancy until struck by this cruel blow.

It appears that some person has been exercising a guardianship over the virtue of a number of wedded ladies living in the village, and about ten days ago secretly spread broad-cast letters of

WARNING TO THE SELECT FEW.

Among this list of names appeared that of Mrs. Addie Gardner, Rufus Dugan, a friend of Mr. Gardner, saw one of these tender pointers, and at once concluded to apprise him of the serious charges. Investigation did not convince the now alarmed husband that his wife's honor was being unjustly maligned, but on the contrary it made him suspicious. He concluded to bait a trap for his erring wife and her lover, and was successful to a dot.

Last week he informed Mrs. Gardner that he intended starting on a business trip of six or eight days to Louisville on Sunday, and he had his linen prepared and trunk packed in readiness for the journey by Saturday night. He took passage on the steamer Ohio at noon on Sunday, but instead of going on to Cincinnati on his way to Louisville, he stepped off at Augusta, Ky., the next landing below, and only three miles from

HIS ONCE HAPPY HOME.

The afternoon was spent in Augusta, and the evening found him on the Kentucky shore, opposite Higginsport. By some previous arrangement, doubtless, he was brought across the river in a skiff about eight o'clock, when he got his brother, Wesley B. Gardner, and several other prominent society men, to go with him to his house to witness what might happen, should his suspicions prove well founded.

They went up to the house and found it locked in the front and at the back door. Wesley Gardner made the alarm at the street entrance, when all at once the back door was flung open with lightning quickness and Waldo Love jumped out into the embrace of the man whose wife he had just left inside. Mr. Gardner drew his pistol to shoot Love, but the latter exclaimed, "John, don't kill me! Don't shoot me, for my mother's sake." Gardner answered that he ought to kill him for the sake of his (Gardner's) children; threw down his pistol and whipped poor Waldo so fearfully that he could not get away from the yard. Mr. Gardner is a very powerful man, and in his rage would have put an end to his weaker victim had not Wesley Gardner come to

THE RESCUE OF THE YOUNG ADONIS.

As it was, Waldo Love was gathered up and driven off or hidden in some secure place, safe enough to place him out of reach of inquiring friends or eager curiosity. At any rate, diligent search fails to discover his whereabouts.

Waldo Love, the young rake who has thus interfered in the Gardner partnership, is the son of one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of southwestern Brown county. He is in the strictest sense what might be called a "nice young man." His age is about twenty years, and he is of a handsome, delicate mold. Last summer his father was influential enough to secure an appointment for Waldo in the Military Academy at West Point, but physical incapacity prevented his admission as a cadet. He has a fine collegiate education, and has heretofore been considered a model of good training and propriety. He went into the drug business at Higginsport after his failure at admittance to a soldier's life, and while in that pursuit has found time to

CULTIVATE THE IMPROPER ACQUAINTANCE.

Quite a number of his liberally-disposed friends think he did not deserve the severe punishment given by Mr. Gardner, because, as they claim, the intimacy between himself and Mrs. Addie was mutual and reciprocal. The town and the whole neighborhood are badly torn up over the scandalous developments, as all the parties interested are of the highest respectability.

A great many men pity the poor frail wife, who has gotten herself into this terrible trouble, but there are none to take her part. She is a tall blonde, very prepossessing in style and appearance, and used to be the belle of the village. An immediate separation was the result of the disclosures, Mr. Gardner retaining the custody of his children, and the dishonored wife seeking shelter in the privacy of her mother's home. Proceedings for divorce were instituted on Monday by the husband in our Common Pleas Court. There is no doubt that Mr. Gardner had very good counsel during the time of his trouble, as several of his closest intimates were expecting more serious results than the thorough pummeling of his wife's debaucher.

A Western Mushroom Town.

About the time that vigorous January backed to the north, the attention of General Rosser, of the Northern Pacific Railway, was called to a sweep of prairie land located on both sides of his track in the eastern edge of Dakota Territory. Somebody told

Rosser that a city—the city of Mandan—was being built there. In a few days the prairie was alive with wagons, horses, dogs and men. In a fortnight a good-sized village had sprung up like the mushroom in a night. Within the next week whole towns were loaded on carts and hauled to Mandan. All settlers struck out for Mandan. People went mad over Mandan. There was no particular attraction about the place. The land was fine and Mandan was to be the northwestern city of the Northern Pacific. Now it is a very large place and houses are still going up. Pine shanties stand by the side of imposing frame structures. There is no mayor or justice, teacher or preacher in the city. It hasn't even a constable, and though there are fourteen saloons the order has so far been excellent.

A WOMAN'S MYSTERY.

The Strange History of a Beautiful but unknown Woman who Died among Strangers in the Great City and Gave no Sign as to Her Identity.

The body of what had been a handsome young woman was conveyed from a west-side tenement to the morgue on the 17th, and there placed in a rude pine coffin to await the action of the coroner's office. Nothing is known of the family or antecedents of deceased. That she was a woman who had been tenderly nurtured and well educated there could be little doubt from her appearance and behavior. She kept her secret, however, through weeks of sickness, and her dying request was that no efforts should be made to discover who she was or what was the particular nature of her sad history.

Five weeks ago a young woman who said her name was Catharine Kelly, engaged board with a Mrs. Catharine Leith, at 442 West Twenty-fourth street. She was an invalid and required more than ordinary attention but was willing to pay for any additional services she should receive. She was about twenty-four years of age, lady-like in manners and

SPOKE LIKE A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT.

Her features were regular and handsome, and were lighted up by a pair of soft, dark, lustrous eyes. She was also possessed of a tall, commanding figure and a wealth of glossy black hair. She was an entire stranger to Mrs. Leith and the neighbors, and was regarded by them as a woman with a history. They all treated her kindly, and she frequently expressed her gratitude in many ways. She was, however, a mystery which the most curious of her sex who resided under the same roof could not solve. No visitors came to see her, she never left the house, and received no letters. On account of the death of Mrs. Leith's only son she went to reside in the household of John Leith, a relative of the former, at 407 West Twenty-sixth street. Here she was soon confined to her bed a hopeless invalid. Finding that the hand of death was upon her she sent for a Catholic priest and received the sacraments of the church. A short time before her death she called the women of the house, who had waited on her during her sickness to her bedside, and exacted a promise from them that they would not try to find out anything about her family or antecedents. She said they would find a sufficient sum of money in her trunk to defray her funeral expenses, and having laid her away in Calvary she enjoined them to

MAKE NO FURTHER INQUIRIES INTO HER LIFE.

She expired at seven o'clock Wednesday morning, 16th. Late in the afternoon, Captain Ryan, of the Sixteenth Precinct, was notified of her death. Upon the arrival of an officer at the house, the body, which was wasted by suffering, was fast decomposing. The coroner's office was next informed of the case, but too late in the day to take official action. On the following day Deputy Coroner Miller had the remains conveyed to Bellevue Hospital.

Life was scarcely extinct when a postman called with a letter addressed to the dead woman. The postmark showed that the missive had been posted at Station "E" of this city. Mr. Leith opened the communication, thinking that it might lead to a discovery of her relatives, and thereby have the body placed in their keeping. The letter corresponded with the woman's

STRANGE DESIRE FOR MYSTERY.

It bore no name or address, and was written in pencil in a round, masculine hand. It contained a five-dollar bill. Following is a copy of the letter:

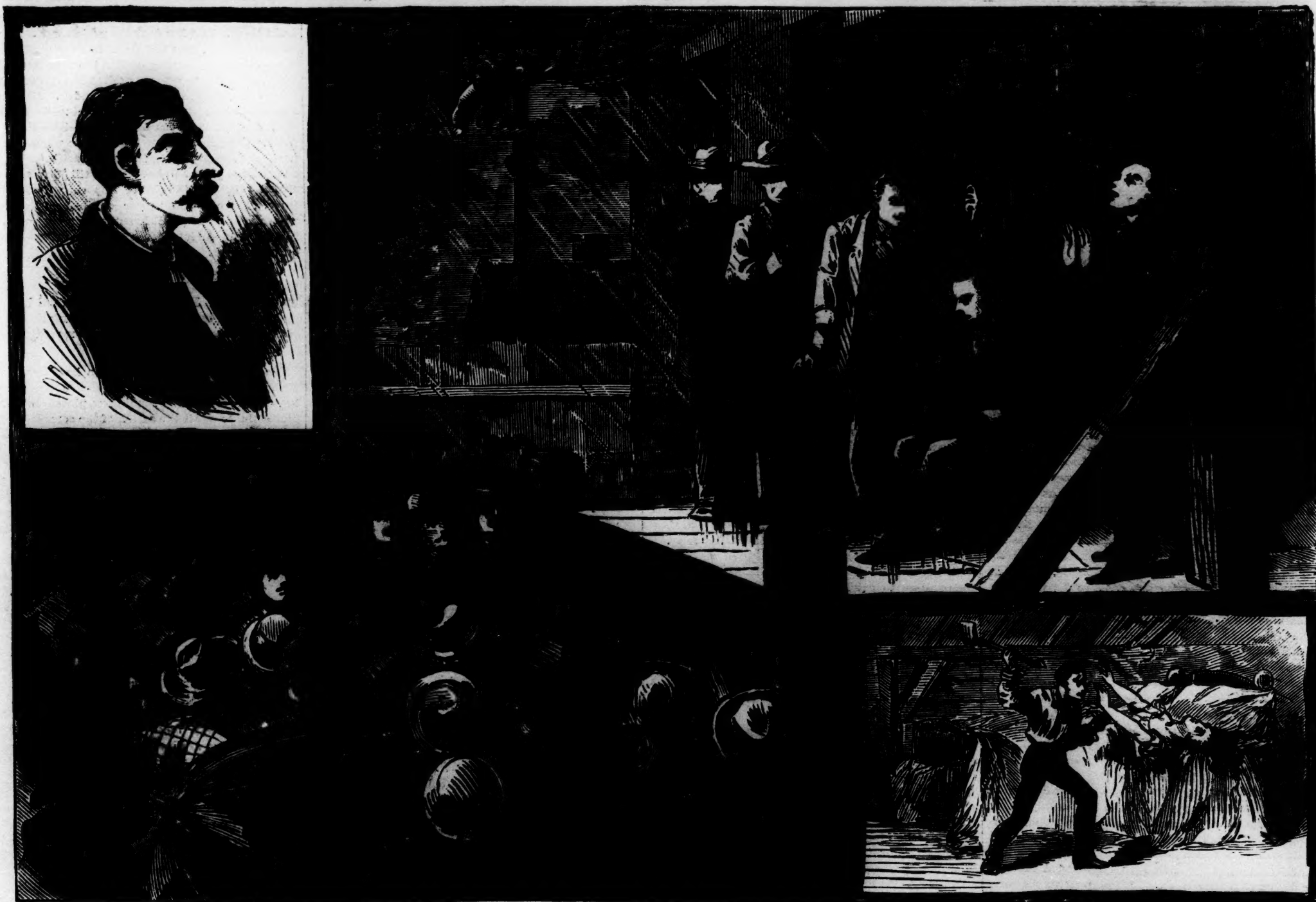
"SARAH:

"Called Wednesday, March 26; Friday, March 28; Sunday, March 30; Monday, March 31; Wednesday, April 2; Friday, April 4; Thursday, April 5. What is the trouble? At least you might look out of the window. I will be in your hall Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights next week, at 7½ o'clock. Look out of your window each day at 4 o'clock. I must see you if only for a minute. Look for me to-night from the window on the street about 5, 6, 7 and 8 o'clock. And Sunday at 11 and 3. Did you see a mark in your hall?"

This anonymous production only deepened the mystery which had enshrined the woman. There was still further astonishment in store for the people of the house when they came to open the trunk which, with her dying breath, deceased declared contained a sufficient sum of money to defray her funeral expenses. No money or its equivalent or other valuables were found there.

Shocking Fatal Accident.

DAYTON, Ohio, April 21.—A fatal accident occurred at W. P. Callahan's foundry, at half-past two o'clock this afternoon, resulting in the death of George W. McDargh, foreman of the establishment, and a recently elected councilman. The front doors of the foundry are what is known as the drop-door, worked by means of weights attached to each side of the doors. One of these weights was an old kettle filled with scrap-iron. Mr. McDargh while attempting to raise one of the doors overturned the kettle, a piece of iron, weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, falling on his head, killing him instantly. Mr. McDargh has been employed at Callahan's shop for a number of years and was loved and respected by all who knew him.



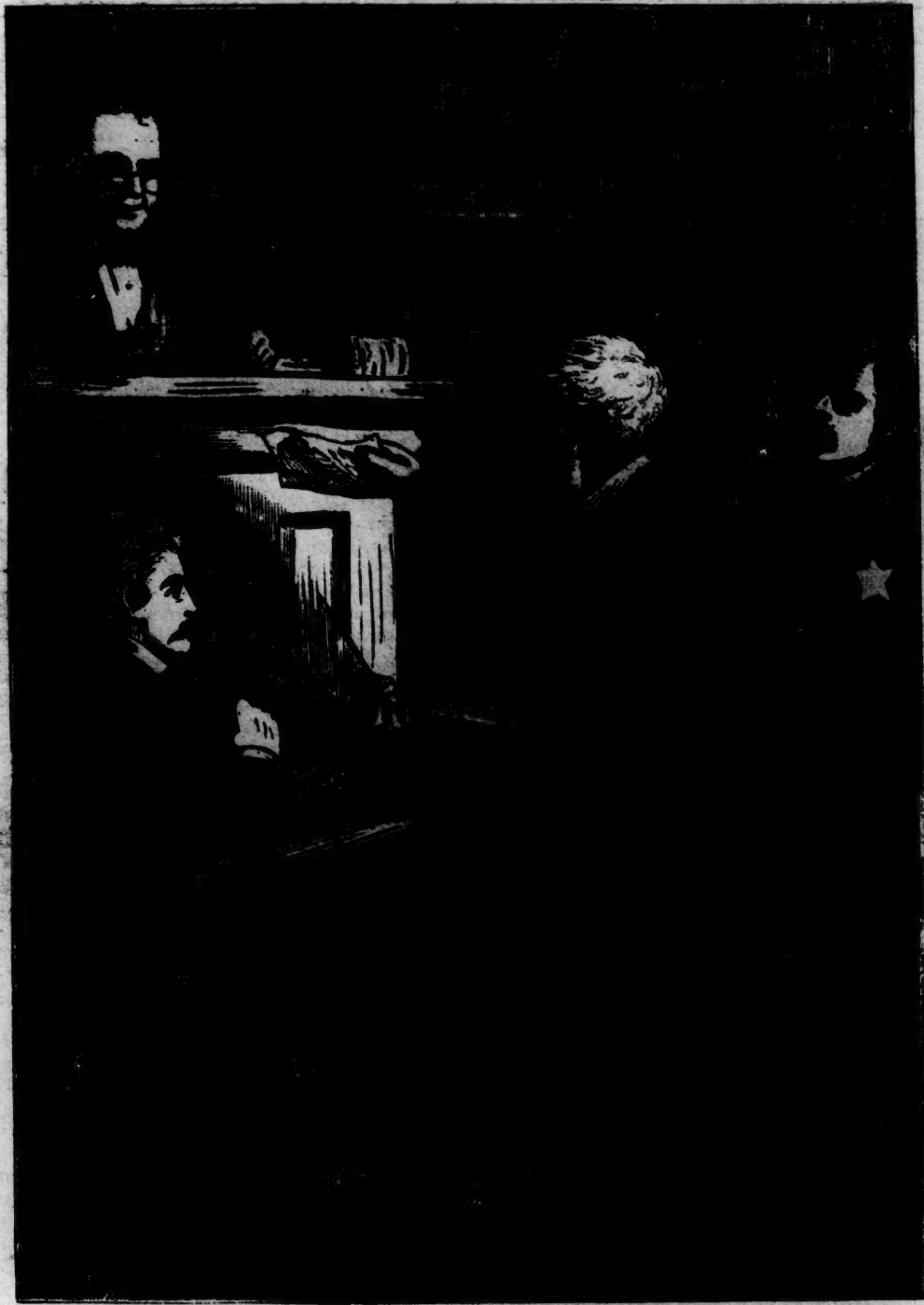
HEZEKIAH SHAFER'S CRIME AND ITS LEGAL EXPIATION, AT CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—THE WIFE-MURDERER, TOO WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD, CAUSED BY AN ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE, TO WALK TO THE SCAFFOLD, IS CARRIED THITHER IN A BLANKET AND HANGED IN A SEMI-CONSCIOUS CONDITION.—SEE PAGE 11.



HOW MOONSHINER PRESTON PLAYED IT ON DEPUTY MARSHAL BARNES, THROUGH AN EXCESS OF GOOD NATURE ON THE PART OF THE OFFICER, WHOM HE COMPELS TO MOUNT HIS HORSE AND DECAMP WITHOUT HIS EXPECTED PRISONER, AT MAGNET COVE, ARK.—SEE PAGE 5.



DR. GEORGE ST. LOUIS, THE CONDEMNED WIFE-MURDERER, ENDEAVORS TO EVADE THE EXTREME PENALTY OF THE LAW BY A DESPERATE SUICIDAL ATTEMPT IN HIS CELL, AT FREMONT, NEB., IMMEDIATELY BEFORE BEING TAKEN TO WAHOO, NEB., FOR EXECUTION.—SEE PAGE 6.



HOW CAPTAIN WILLIAMS "DAMNS" THE PRESS—ALLEGED ASSAULT OF THE GREAT CLUBBER OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE UPON A REPORTER, BECAUSE HE ASKED FOR NEWS.—See Page 4.

DALLAS BARNES, OF BLOOMING GROVE, PA., INSISTS UPON ASSESSING THE PRICE OF HIS DRUNK, AFTER JUSTICE WANDELL HAD REALLY DISCHARGED HIM, NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 12.



BIDDING THE WORLD OF A DEMONIAIC BRUTE—A CROWD OF INFURIATED CITIZENS DRAG THE NEGRO MISCREANT, JIM CARROLL, FROM A CAR AND THE CUSTODY OF OFFICERS, AND HANG HIM TO A TREE, AT TUSCARORA STATION, MD., FOR HIS ATROCIOUS CRIME UPON MRS. THOMAS, AT LICKSVILLE, MD.—See Page 10.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Remarkable Trial of Six Men Charged with
a Conspiracy to Assassinate an Old
Man whose Life they had Insured.

TRAGEDY IN A VARIETY HALL.

AN ALASKA INDIAN TO HANG.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 23.—A dispatch from Portland, Oregon, says, Kat Koo, a Sitka Indian, was sentenced in the United States Circuit Court to-day to be hanged on May 5th, for the murder of Thomas J. Brown, of Sitka.

IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 23.—The jury in the case of Allen, the forger, who was an accomplice of Hamlin in the killing of Watchman Shipman at the State Prison in Wethersfield, in 1877, brought in a verdict to-night of murder in the first degree. A former jury disagreed, standing eight to four for acquittal. A notice of a motion in arrest of judgment was made.

LOVE'S HOMICIDAL MADNESS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 23.—At about eight o'clock this evening a tragedy occurred in the village of Canasota, which will probably result in the death of two persons, Miss Lucy Wyman and Alonzo Luce. The two have been keeping company for some time, and this evening Luce proposed marriage and was rejected. He became so infuriated at this that he pulled his revolver and shot her in the head, remarking as he did so, "There will be a hereafter for you." He then went to his father's house, a few rods away, and shot himself in the head. Neither can live.

A SANGUINARY GAME.

AURORA, Ill., April 21.—A game of cards caused a murder at Cobden, five miles north of this place, on the Illinois Central railroad, on yesterday afternoon, at about five o'clock. Two young men named Lon Sheppard and Frank Hodge were the parties engaged in the game. They had been out in an orchard on the edge of town, and had a game or so of cards, when a dispute arose between them, and the game was suddenly brought to an end by Sheppard, who drew a revolver and shot Hodge through the heart. The murderer escaped by doing some pretty tall running. He is pursued, and may be captured. The good people of Cobden feel very indignant over the affair.

BLOOD IN THE COAL REGIONS.

SCRANTON, Pa., April 20.—A quarrel, resulting in the death of James Gallagher, alias "Baby," a miner, occurred at Archbald, a few miles from this city, yesterday afternoon. Gallagher met William Scott, another miner, at John Sweeney's blacksmith shop, and charged him with having stolen an ax from John Gallagher's chamber in the mine. Scott denied the accusation, asserting that the ax belonged to him. Gallagher advanced toward Scott with the apparent intention of striking him, when the latter drew a revolver and shot Gallagher in the abdomen, instantly killing him. Scott surrendered himself to the Chief of Police. He claims that the shooting was done in self-defense.

FATAL AFFRAY IN A DANCE-HOUSE.

A free fight took place, on the morning of the 22nd, in Turtle Bay Hall, at Forty-fifth street and First avenue, during which James Daily, aged twenty years, of 761 First avenue, was shot in the head and back. The wounded man was removed to St. Luke's Hospital, on Fifth avenue, where the surgeons pronounced his wounds serious. Captain Mount, on learning of the shooting, sent his officers out to search for Daily's assailants, and some hours later two young men were arrested on suspicion by Officer Eagan. They gave their names as Thomas Sullivan and Henry Carleton. Sullivan gave his occupation as a laborer, while Carleton described himself as a painter. The prisoners were locked up on suspicion and were arraigned later at the East Fifty-seventh Street Police Court.

A MYSTERIOUS AND BLOODY CRIME.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., April 23.—Eli Martin, an old farmer, who lived on his large stock farm near Camden, Ind., was missed from his neighborhood and a search was made for him. A little house in which he was living alone, was found locked, and was broken into. The body of Martin was found lying partly on the bed and floor horribly mangled. The furniture was tossed around the floor in every direction, and there was every evidence of a terrible struggle. Martin's throat was cut in several places, and his person otherwise disfigured by a knife. The bureau drawers in which he was supposed to have kept his money, were thoroughly rifled, not a bill nor paper being left. Martin was a rich bachelor, and has lived entirely by himself for several years. The affair, as yet, is clothed in mystery, but it is supposed he was robbed by burglars, and, while resisting them, was murdered. Other stories are afloat in which a nephew, who was refused money by Martin, figures in the affair. The authorities are busily engaged investigating the matter.

MURDER AND LYNCHING.

ATCHISON, Kan., April 18.—A cowardly murder was committed at Cawker City, Kan., Wednesday night, followed by the lynching of the murderer the next day. The victim was a traveling man named Fred Hendricks, and the assassin was a negro employed by Hendricks to drive a team. They arrived at Cawker Wednesday night, put up the team, got supper and nothing was seen of them until next day. At sunrise the negro got the team from the stable and disappeared. Afterward the body of Hendricks was found under a bridge, where it had been dragged. There was a bullet-hole in the head and the skull was crushed in as if by a hatchet. Officers at once started

in hot pursuit of the negro and overtook him at Beloit. The fellow insisted upon his innocence, but was taken charge of, and the party started with him for Cawker. When within a mile of Cawker a party of armed men surrounded the officers and took the negro and hanged him to a tree. The murder, no doubt, was committed for the purpose of robbery, as the victim was supposed to have a large sum of money on his person. At last accounts great excitement prevailed at Cawker, and by some the opinion was expressed that the mob acted too hastily, but the majority seem to think that the negro met a righteous fate.

MORE SOUTHERN BLOOD.

AUSTIN, Miss., April 18.—W. A. Grantham, a saloon-keeper, was shot and instantly killed, on Wednesday, by M. J. Jones, the City Marshal. There had been bad blood between the two for a long time past, but they had never come into actual collision until the fatal day. Grantham, who had been drinking, was standing on the porch of J. C. Evans's saloon, holding by the bridle a mule that he had been riding. The mule by some means had put his forefeet upon the porch, and Jones, who was standing near, told Grantham to take him off. At this Grantham struck at Jones with the bridle, and turned as if to go in the saloon. As he turned, Jones drew his pistol and shot Grantham in the left side of his neck. As the shot struck him, Grantham whirled around, and Jones again fired at him, the shot taking effect on the right side. Grantham then turned and staggered off the porch, followed by Jones, who shot him again between the shoulders. On receiving the third shot, Grantham fell, and turning over on his elbow, attempted to draw his pistol, but did not succeed, whereupon Jones thrust his pistol in Grantham's face and would have shot again had not bystanders prevented him. Grantham died two minutes afterward. Jones was arrested, and was immediately put on trial by a magistrate, the result of which has not been learned.

TRIAL OF A HUSBAND MURDERER.

URBANA, Ill., April 21.—The trial of Jane Morris for the murder of her husband, Jacob Morris, at Philo, this county, on the 25th of March last, was commenced in the Circuit Court this morning. State's Attorney Matthews is assisted by Hon. M. B. Thompson, of this city, and the prisoner is represented by Messrs. Wolf & Rea, of Champaign, and F. M. Wright, of Urbana. At three o'clock Judge Nelson ordered the summoning of thirty-five special jurors, the regular list having been exhausted, and but four competent jurors having been obtained. Jacob Morris and his wife, the prisoner, were residents of Philo, and had been for a number of years. Morris was in the habit of getting drunk, and when in that condition often abused his wife, beating her unmercifully at times. They had been married but a few years, the prisoner being not over twenty-five years of age at this time, and of prepossessing and lady-like appearance. On the fatal day Morris came home in an intoxicated condition, and the usual family quarrel was begun, which finally resulted in a fight, both parties taking a liberal part. During the trouble Morris received a wound in the temple with a knife, which caused his death. The woman was arrested, and the grand jury indicted her for murder, for which she is now on trial. At six o'clock this evening a jury was secured, and the trial will proceed immediately.

AN IMPRESSIVE DEATH SENTENCE.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 19.—Frank Small, the lover of Mrs. Annie Jacoby, and murderer of her husband, Nicholas, was called up before Judge Kirkpatrick in the Criminal Court this afternoon. Amid silence profound, His Honor said to the prisoner: "Frank Small, have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon you?" Small stood alone, unsupported, other than as he leaned upon the clerk's desk. He looked steadily into the face of the judge, but his dark-complexioned face was overspread with a ghastly pallor now, and for an instant he could not reply. After an effort to swallow the lump in the throat that choked his utterance, he articulated the words, "Not anything." The Court then arose, as did also all the room, standing with bowed heads, while the sentence of death was pronounced amid a solemn silence. There was no lecture, reflections or other remarks, but the sentence was pronounced in its simplicity, and was as follows: "Frank Small: The sentence of the law is that you be taken hence to the jail of Allegheny county, from whence you came, and thence, at such time as the Governor of the Commonwealth may by his warrant appoint, to the place of execution, and that then and there you be hanged by the neck until you be dead. And may God, in his infinite goodness, have mercy on your soul!" Many of those present were visibly affected. Small turned and followed the Tipstaves back to jail mechanically, walking as though in a dream, putting on his hat and taking it off again, but uttering not a word.

MURDERED IN A SALOON.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 20.—Patrick Sullivan, employed on the water works in Baltimore county, was murdered last night by some unknown persons. An inquest was commenced this morning. Sullivan's corpse was found lying in front of a Catholic church, near the line of the tunnel, stripped of everything except the underclothing. The skull was fractured, and there was a severe wound on the right cheek. The body was found only a short distance from A. Gill's drinking saloon, a resort for the water works employees, which was crowded last night with negroes up to a late hour. Gill and the bar-keeper denied that Sullivan was there, but one of the negroes saw him at the saloon at eleven o'clock. An examination discovered blood stains on the floor of Gill's saloon, and a broken bottle stained with blood was also found near the steps of the saloon. There were also evidences that the corpse had been dragged from the saloon to the point where it was found. Gill accounted for the blood stains by saying that there had been a fight in the bar-room during the afternoon. Justice Moore committed the following parties on suspicion pending further investigation: Frank Knott, John Cole, Frank Fitzhugh, Adam Jackson, John

Munroe, Levi Davis, D. Judah and John White, all colored, and James Leavy. It is thought that Sullivan was murdered for the money (\$15) he was supposed to have in his possession, but owing to some misunderstanding he had not been paid off. The investigation will be resumed to-morrow. Sullivan was aged fifty years, a hard-working man, and hailed from Fall River, Mass. His body was buried this evening.

MURDER IN A SOUTHERN VARIETY HALL.

VICKSBURG, Miss., April 20.—The Alhambra, a low music hall in this city, was last night the scene of one of the most cruel and outrageous murders that ever darkened the fair fame of this city. It seems that at about one o'clock Sunday evening a number of persons of both sexes were regaling themselves in the wine-room of the above establishment. Wine, beer and whisky flowed freely, and the merriment was high. Among those present were Jack Burton, captain of the night police; John Dent and Joe Dent, both young men whose usual occupation was that of steamboat clerks. Burton, a man of herculean proportions and great animal courage, is, when sober, a good-natured, kindly fellow, but when in his cups is apt to be quarrelsome and disposed to play rough practical jokes at the expense of his friends. On the night of the killing, his humor took the playful turn of knocking off the hats of all who came within the reach of his cane. Among others thus treated was Joe Dent, but, unfortunately, Burton's cane glanced and struck Joe in the eye. John Dent, his younger brother, a boy in years and stature, seeing what had occurred, rose from his chair and said to Burton, "See here, Jack, you're getting too rough. If this thing does not stop somebody will get hurt." Burton replied "If you don't like it let her up," and reached behind him for his pistol. At this juncture some of the by-standers attempted to interfere, but without effect. One of the actresses, in her effort to interfere, was pushed aside by Burton so violently that she fell to the floor. Burton drew his revolver and fired twice. John Dent was struck in the knee and fell. Cummins, a door-keeper, was struck in the hip and fell also, and as he arose he saw John Dent rise also, when Burton deliberately took aim at John Dent again, fired, and Dent fell dead with a ball in his temple. There was no direct testimony that John Dent was armed or made any threatening demonstration. The witnesses all agreed that they saw a pistol flash from the direction from where John Dent stood, but the evidence was almost conclusive that it was in John Dent's hands. Burton was shot in the shoulder-blade, but the evidence did not disclose who fired the shot. Public excitement is at fever heat. Dent is the fourth man who has been killed here within six weeks. He had barely crossed the threshold of manhood, and was generally popular. Burton was a giant in stature, and was physically a match for half a dozen men like the Dents. He need not have resorted to fire-arms. There is a growing impression that the only way to stop this indiscriminate use of the pistol is to call in the aid of Judge Lynch.

MURDER TO OBTAIN INSURANCE.

LEBANON, Pa., April 22.—The most exciting murder trial that has ever taken place in eastern Pennsylvania commenced here on the 17th. On the 7th of December last Joseph Raber, about 60 years of age, living at Indiantown Gap, a settlement along the Blue Mountains, about twenty miles from here, was drowned in a stream of water near the village. It was said he had fallen from a plank which crosses the stream, while suffering from a fainting spell. This story was then believed, but subsequent events changed this opinion, when it became known that the old man's life had been insured for some \$5,000, and the policies held by some of his neighbors, who put in a claim for the cash. It was then that Joseph Peters, a young man in the vicinity, a soldier in the army, but home on a furlough, went before a justice of the peace and told a startling story as to how Raber had been murdered by being thrown into the water by certain parties, and held there until dead, and on this charge the trial is now in progress. The parties arrested are Charles Drews, father-in-law of Peters; Isaac Stichler, George Zelman, Henry Wise, Jacob Hummel and Israel Brandt. Their ages range from 60 years down to 21. Drews and Stichler are said to be the persons who committed the deed, while the others held the policies, and, it is charged, paid a certain sum to have the job done. It is said that a long time ago policies to the extent of \$10,000 were at stake, but, being unable to keep up the premiums, half the amount was dropped. A thrilling and terrible story, which reads more like a romance than reality, was told by Peters, who, with his wife (Drews's daughter), is the principal witness. The following testimony was given by him: "I was upstairs with my wife in a room on the evening of December 7th. Heard Drews and Raber talking in a room below. They left the house shortly after. I went to a window and saw them and Stichler go down to the creek near the house. They passed on to the plank, when Stichler caught Raber by the shoulder and threw him into the water. I then left the window, and in a short time Drews and Stichler came to the house. I went down and heard them talk about it. Stichler said it was a hard job to keep the old man under till he was dead. Did not inform on them because they said if I did they would kill me, they having told me some time before they were going to kill Raber, and offered me money to do it. I left them some time afterward and informed on the whole party." George Swinehart, an insurance agent, testified that he went to Brandt's house at Indiantown Gap at the request of Wise and others, as they told him they had a good subject for insurance. He went there with the medical examiner, and insured Joseph Raber, Wise paying the fees. After Raber's death he made out death proof-sheets to Hummel, Wise and Brandt, for \$2,000 in the Home Mutual, of Lebanon; \$1,000 in the New Era, of Philadelphia; \$3,000 in the Hartford, of Hartford, Conn., and \$1,000 in the People's Benefit, of Ohio. On account of the six men being tried jointly, much time is occupied on legal points.

RID OF A DEMON.

Prompt Vengeance of an Incensed Maryland Community upon a Black Brute for a most Atrocious Crime of the Characteristic Negro Sort Committed upon a respectable Young Married Lady.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BALTIMORE, Md., April 17.—On Monday night, while Mr. John Thomas was attending an Easter Monday ball at Licksville, near Point of Rocks, in Frederick county, Md., Mrs. Jennie Thomas, his young wife, who remained at home at Licksville on account of slight illness, was brutally violated by a colored boatman, named Jim Carroll. The negro accomplished his purpose by holding a large knife at her throat. When her husband returned the woman was so excited that she was unable to tell of the terrible crime that had been committed. The infuriated negro had so choked her that she was unable to speak until next morning, when she gave a detailed account of the occurrence of the previous night.

The husband lost no time in notifying his neighbors, a number of whom organized into parties and

SEARCHED THE WOODS FOR THE CULPRIT.

It was ascertained that Carroll went to Georgetown on his boat, and a telegram was sent to Washington asking the police authorities there to look out for him. A negro was arrested in Georgetown last night on suspicion, but he was afterward released upon showing that he had been on a canal boat for five days lying at Georgetown. This morning Mr. Thomas arrived here for the purpose of identifying him, but found that he had been discharged from custody.

Thomas then started up the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal in hopes of finding Carroll. He had gone but a short distance, when he overtook him walking leisurely along the tow-path. Carroll spoke to him, and turned toward Georgetown, followed by Thomas. Upon nearing Georgetown, Carroll started off on a run closely followed by Thomas, who, calling an officer to his aid, had him arrested. Upon being taken into the police station Carroll admitted his guilt and said he expected to die for his crime. He was asked if he would go to Frederick Jail without legal papers and he answered that he would, but that he did not expect to reach there alive, as he had heard that the neighborhood about Point of Rocks was very much excited.

Upon his person the officers found the knife which had been previously described to them by Mr. Thomas, which had been used by the negro to frighten the lady upon whom he committed the dastardly act. In the presence of Officer Harper, he said that the woman could not swear that he raped her, and he did not care a d—n if they did kill him. He could only die once anyhow, and that he knew while he was doing it.

HE WOULD BE KILLED IF HE WAS CAUGHT.

He was accompanied to the train by the officers, also by Mr. Thomas.

As the Frederick train left Washington a large crowd had gathered at the depot, and much indignation was expressed by those present. The mayor of this city was telegraphed to meet the party at Point of Rocks. As the train stopped at Tuscarora Station, about thirty men boarded the train, and the order was given to be quiet and go to the sleeping-car. Everything was conducted in the most quiet manner, and nothing whatever said to the prisoner or the officer in charge. The train switches off at the Point of Rocks station for Frederick, and as it slackened its speed the cars were stopped and about one hundred men gathered around them. At the same time a number of armed and infuriated men boarded the train, crying, "Where is he! Where is he?"

The officers appealed to them to stay away, but there was no stay in these desperate men. They were bent upon their mission of vengeance. The negro was dragged out, though he struggled with a death-like fury against the crowd. Mr. Thomas, who was in the car, and Mr. Joseph Payne of this city, who was a passenger in the car, urged all to do no harm to the officers. They were, however, dragged to the rear part of the car and kept there until

THE CROWD BORE THE NEGRO AWAY.

After the crowd left, the officers went after them, when they were taken up bodily and carried back to the train, where they were guarded until its departure for Frederick.

In the meantime the negro was nearing the place which had been selected for the terrible scene of death. At least 300 men on horseback and on foot had gathered together. A rope had been placed around the neck of the wretched man as he was dragged from the car by a dozen or more men. He was held until the rope was tied to a stout limb. He was given a few moments to ask mercy of his God, when he was launched into eternity for his terrible crime. A guard was appointed to see that the body was not molested or carried away during the night, while others of the party repaired to Point of Rocks, a village on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, about twelve or fifteen miles from this place.

To note the faces of these desperate men, it could be seen that many bore the trace of years, as gray hairs covered their heads, while many were young men, farmers living in a district where hundreds of negroes were employed. They had left mothers, wives and daughters and sisters at their homes, and the vengeance they had taken was for their future protection.

The negro died in about eight minutes, and the only words he uttered from the time he left the car to the hanging, were: "Please kill me quick." Among the crowd were a number of citizens of Montgomery County, who had come to join their friends. It is stated by those present, that if the prisoner had been taken to the county jail they had determined to visit Frederick with at least 500 armed men and take him from the sheriff, police, and the people of the town, if necessary. Hundreds will visit the scene in the morning. Mrs. Thomas is said to be in a very critical condition, and it is feared she will not survive. She is being attended by several physicians.

A SICKENING SCENE.

Hezekiah Shaffer, the Brutal Pennsylvania Wife-Murderer, Carried to the Gallows in a Blanket, Being

TOO WEAK TO WALK TO DEATH

From the Effects of Loss of Blood Consequent upon his Suicidal Attempt and is Swung off Half Unconscious.

A RECITAL OF LUST AND CRIME.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

Hezekiah Shaffer, the wife-murderer, was hanged in Chambersburg, Pa., on the morning of the 17th, under circumstances that were unusual in many respects, a brief mention of which was made in our preceding issue. A cold, drizzling rain was falling at the time, making the dismal and bleak scene more bleak and dismal than it would otherwise have been.

The murderer passed a very uneasy night, dozing for a short time at long intervals. The loss of blood by his attempt at suicide on the Monday morning previous, had so prostrated him that he could not sit, stand or walk. It was clear, ever since the act was committed, that if he was hanged on the day assigned, he would have to be carried to the gallows. This led to a desire for a respite for Shaffer, but the Governor would not interfere unless he was pronounced to be insane, and it was the opinion of Dr. Montgomery, the physician to the jail, that the appearances of insanity were only feigned. Sometimes he affected to be plowing corn on Colonel Dixon's farm; at other times he pretended to believe his cell was filled with singing birds, and in the last hour of his life he declared in his own homely way that these would bear him to a blessed immortality. This is the only reference he made to the journey he was about to make into the valley of the shadow of death. There was no contrition on his part and no effort to arouse a manly sentimentality on his behalf. His only pretence was the shamming of insanity, in the hope of escaping

A FATE THAT WAS INEVITABLE.

This failed him, however, and a few minutes before twelve o'clock he was carried from his cell to a temporary platform which had been erected between the door of the prison and the scaffold. On the gibbet a stool was placed for the condemned man while the noose was being adjusted around his neck, and on the platform which led to the scaffold there was a chair, in which he was to be put while his arms and legs were being pinioned. The gallows was of the most approved pattern, strongly built and neatly painted. A few minutes before the prisoner was brought down the jury filed out of the jail and took their places, in the rain, near the west wall, to the left of the scaffold, there being only one umbrella for every three jurors. Then Shaffer was carried down the stairway and through the corridor of the prison in a blanket, and thus he was conveyed out upon the platform in the pelting rain. The scene that was there enacted under the shadow of the scaffold was an awful not to say appalling one. Before the doomed man was the instrument of death and around him were his executioners, while he was himself too weak to raise his head, and apparently too indifferent to open his eyes to look upon the strange surroundings. It was with difficulty that he was raised into the chair, and it was only then that the spectators

CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS FACE.

He was exceedingly pale from the loss of blood and very much emaciated, but otherwise he showed no sign of the mental agony he was undergoing. Shaffer was a tall, athletic looking man, with a dull but not bad face. At one time he was a conspicuous church member, but his appearance did not indicate that his moral faculties were very well developed. He failed to join in any way in the devotional exercises which were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Crawford, and which took place as soon as he was fixed in the chair. Dr. Crawford prayed fervently in behalf of the doomed man, and especially asked that whatever of doubt still hung over the case might be dissolved; but Shaffer did not take the hint and make a confession. When the prayer was finished Sheriff Gable proceeded to pinion the arms and legs of the unfortunate prisoner. Shaffer was then asked if he had anything to say, and in response he spoke in a voice scarcely audible to those who stood immediately by him, thanking the sheriff for the kindnesses which had been shown him, and his counsel for their efforts in his behalf, and expressing forgiveness for all his enemies. For himself

HE ASKED NOTHING FROM ANY ONE.

In this state of mind he was lifted out of the chair and placed on the stool on the scaffold, where he was supported by a police officer while the noose was adjusted. Sheriff Gable again asked him if he had anything to say, but he shook his head doggedly and made no audible response. The white cap was then drawn over his head and fastened by a string tied around his neck. The scaffold was cleared of all except the sheriff. The props beneath were removed and everything was in readiness for the fatal leap. Still Sheriff Gable was not satisfied and made a last appeal to Shaffer, which was equally ineffective with all previous efforts at obtaining a confession of guilt. Shaffer only shook his head, which was his last act of volition in this world. His demeanor throughout was one of quiet indifference, and he showed himself to be a man of resolute courage and determination.

Shaking his dogged response to the sheriff's last appeal, Sheriff Gable bid him good bye, and he, stepping off the scaffold, gave the spring a sudden tap with his heel. The drop fell and Shaffer with it, the stool tumbling to the ground with a bound. Shaffer swung gracefully, his feet almost touching the earth, and there was one great convulsive throb, which pervaded

his whole frame, and then all was over. It was exactly six minutes past twelve o'clock

WHEN THE DROP FELL.

Hezekiah Shaffer murdered his wife on the morning of the 21st of February, 1878, the crime having had its inspiration in lust after another woman residing in the neighborhood of the tragedy. The bloody deed was committed in a log-cabin a short distance from a public road, near Franklin Furnace, about ten miles from Chambersburg. Ten years before the murder Hezekiah Shaffer was married to Eliza Snider, the victim of his licentious wrath, and until the last year of her life, they had apparently lived together peacefully. In 1877 he had illicit intercourse, according to his own statement, with Harriet Gearhard, and from that time until the day of his wife's death he continued his improper intimacy with her. On the Tuesday evening preceding the Thursday morning on which the murder was perpetrated, Mrs. Schaffer attended a United Brethren Church meeting, about a quarter of a mile from home; and, as was there taken sick, the effect of arsenic administered by her husband. She suffered intensely, but rallied, and he, fearing that the poison would not do its work, ascended the rude stairway leading to his wife's room, they not sleeping together on account of their unpleasant relations; and

ATTACKED HER WITH AN AX WHILE ASLEEP.

The next morning she was found dead at the foot of the stairway, her face and head full of wounds, and her long and disheveled hair matted with blood. On her neck was the impress of a thumb and three fingers, evidently made by Shaffer, whose fingers had been rendered useless by a wound received in the army. On the woman's body were thirty-one cuts and bruises, fourteen on the head and face, and seventeen on other portions of her body. On the walls were a number of blood-spots, some of them three feet above the steps, strongly indicating foul play. In the face of these damning evidences of murder, Shaffer put forth the story that, in a fit of dizziness, his wife had fallen down stairs on two axes, a boot-jack and a stove-door, which stood inside the door leading to the kitchen, and received the numerous injuries. The fact that the implements occupied a natural position, and the many wounds could not have been inflicted in the manner indicated, with other circumstances, that Shaffer was the murderer of his wife, and on the Sunday following he was arrested. The trial of the monster began on Wednesday, April 24, 1878, and on the following Monday the jury, after being out over three hours, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree.

A Texan Outlaw's Career.

Frank Weaver, chief of Bois d'Arc Isle, was clamped by ankle-bracelets and cuffed with circlets of steel on the 11th inst., and lodged in the strongest cell of the Dallas county, Texas, prison. This man, tall and robust, though of common-place looks, is the son of old Parson Weaver, the itinerant Methodist and ex-member of the Texas Legislature. Like his father, Frank was highly esteemed in and about Dallas. He was able and most reputable in all circles. He joined the rebel army from principle and fought four years—one of the best sharpshooters who wore the gray. When the war ended he returned to Dallas to find his home upside down and his lands desolate. From that moment he became one of the worst of the worst. A crack shot in the army, he was soon recognized throughout Northern Texas as the crack shot of the grog shop and the gaming table. His huge raids upon the corals were, for a time, unaccountable. Somewhat desperate-doers made him their chief and picked out the Bois d'Arc Island, below Dallas, as the rendezvous. At a horse race in Bosque county he shot three men through the heart, one after another, and escaped. He, with two of his gang, were caught at Gatesville in August, 1877. All three were hung to the nearest tree. Weaver feigned death, was cut down and escaped. The other men died under the limb. He was again caught and placed in the Lavaca penitentiary. While at work with a stone-breaking gang he slipped his manacles, and crushed the life out of a guard with a rock, seized the guard's gun, fatally shot another guard and again escaped. Through all these years his wife, a thorough Christian, has been true to the husband of her early days, and is now with him in prison.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[Portrait of Mlle Aimee.]

We present this week a handsome portrait of Mlle Marie Aimee, whose name and face are familiar to theatre-goers in every section of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. So well known a character among our stage celebrities has she become that it is unnecessary to give a lengthy sketch of her. In the realm of opera bouffe, in this country, at least, she has reigned an undisputed queen for years. Among the many who have visited our shores from the birth-place of this popular and delightful style of entertainment, none have compared with her in the estimation of the public, or held the place she has attained so long with such undiminished favor. She made her first appearance in this country at the Grand Opera House, in this city, while under the management of the famous "Jim" Fisk, in the same troupe of which Mlle Montaland and Silly were members. After uniformly successful tours in America, she recently returned to this city and played a short engagement at Booth's Theatre, in the latest opera bouffe novelty, "Le Petit Duc." This week she enters upon an engagement at the Park Theatre, the sparkling "La Marjolaine," in the costume of which she is represented in our portrait, being the leading feature of the week.

James M. Hatch, Murdered by McCann.

[With Portrait.]

We give elsewhere a portrait of James Morris Hatch, murdered by Felix McCann, which crime the latter has been sentenced to expiate on the gallows at Norwich, N. Y., on the 16th of May.

THE SHADOW OF A SIN.

Singular Suicide of a Married man who is Driven to Self-Destruction by the Tortures of Remorse from an infamous Crime committed upon a Young Girl, and by the conviction that He is unfit to Live, on General Principles.

DETROIT, Mich., April 15.—Sunday morning a neatly dressed man, apparently about forty years old, stopped at the American House, in Windsor, Ontario, opposite this city, and registered as Charles Dawson, Philadelphia. About ten o'clock Monday evening the stranger, who had spent most of Sunday and Monday in his room, retired, leaving orders with the clerk to be called at seven o'clock Tuesday morning. The night watch rapped on his door at the hour mentioned, but failed to arouse him. About nine o'clock land-lord Barrett sent a bell-boy to the room, and the boy reported that he could not awaken the sleeper. Mr. Barrett, being convinced that something was wrong inside, told the boy to climb over the transom, which he did. The man was found sleeping heavily, and the boy, failing to wake him, became frightened, and reported at the office. Physicians were called, but all efforts at resuscitation were useless, and the stranger breathed his last at eleven o'clock.

That he was a suicide, letters on the table near the bed were proof, and the doctors soon discovered that

THE MEANS USED WAS MORPHINE.

Sunday afternoon the stranger, whose real name was George C. Clary, visited Dr. Coventry, and told him that he was in the habit of using morphine, and that he must have some. The doctor made a prescription of two grains, divided into six powders. Of course, these were not sufficient to produce death; but on the bureau was found a small vial of morphine, from which nearly ten grains had been taken, and, in conjunction with this, the suicide had swallowed the six powders. The two open letters, written with a pencil, were found upon the bureau, beside two or three others which were sealed and directed to persons in Ohio. One of the letters is dated Sunday, and reads as follows:

"WINDSOR, April 13, 1879.

"My name is George C. Clary. My home and family are at Birmingham, Erie county, Ohio, U. S. My father, George W. Clary, also lives at Birmingham, Ohio. The deed I am about to commit is to prevent greater crime. My life has been a complete failure. I am possessed of passions and appetites that I am unable to control, and all through life I have caused all my friends untold trouble. I find my sins and crimes growing greater, and these damnable passions of my flesh more hard to control; and to prevent greater crime I have resolved to seek

REST IN OBLIVION AND DEATH.

I have a wife and two sweet children, as pure and undefiled as any work of God, and my last prayer is that they will forgive me, and that heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon them through life. You who know a father's love, I claim your tenderest consideration in this my hour of greatest sorrow; and can you wonder that, knowing how unworthy I am to teach them or to be loved by them, that I should seek to prevent them being deeper disgraced by me? 'I want to kiss papa good night!' Oh, what sorrow! How I long once more to clasp them to my heart, and bless them for their pure love! But no! I cannot. I have brought too much disgrace upon them, and I feel it a duty to terminate so miserable a life as mine. I am about to take a leap in the dark—to plunge into the great eternity. What there is in store for me I know not; but I feel that my spirit will be better freed from this tenement of clay that is so burdened with debasing and ungovernable passions. I ask forgiveness of all whom I had wronged and ask God, our Heavenly Father, to forgive my sins and have mercy on my spirit, and give it a better place and more favorable opportunities to be better. I have wanted to do right, and have struggled to reform; but I could not, and

I AM RESIGNED TO DIE.

And now, farewell, all who have loved me. Forgive me, and forget the bad, and remember only my few good qualities. And my children!—God care for them, and bless them, for their poor broken-hearted father could not do his duty. And my dear wife!—she has been to me every thing that a pure, noble-minded woman could be—forgiving sin after sin, and trying to lift me above my degrading passions, but all in vain! And now I must terminate this miserable life, to prevent greater crime. And my mother!—Heaven bless her! My last breath shall bless you all! Oh, my dear wife and children! to God's care and the terrible miseries of this cold, cruel world I leave you, and, with my last breath, I bless you, and ask your forgiveness.

GEORGE C. CLARY.

"Telegraph my father, and ask what shall be done with my body. If he does not come or send for it, ask the Masons to see it buried respectfully. I leave \$85 to pay expenses with."

The second letter was written on Monday, and reads as follows:

"WINDSOR, April 14, 1879.

"My last request is that the Masons take my remains in charge and telegraph my father, George W. Clary, Birmingham, Ohio, via Western Union Line, care Wakeman Station, asking what shall be done with my remains, and in case he does not send for it or come for it I wish the Lodge of Masons here to see me decently buried, and send certificate of my death and burial to Gibson Lodge, No. 361, Birmingham, Ohio. Please send my few effects to my children at B., and think of me as favorably and charitably as possible, for I have suffered much, and die,

HOPING TO BE FORGIVEN.

Fraternally,

GEORGE C. CLARY.

On the back of this sheet was written:

"To whom it may concern: Please mail what letters I have prepared to mail."

GEORGE C. CLARY.

"I have deposited in the safe in this hotel office \$85. Please get me a good coffin and a suit of black clothes in which to bury me."

GEORGE C. CLARY.

Magistrate Bartlett says that Clary, the deceased, came to him on Monday afternoon and asked if a warrant could be issued for a man in Canada who had

committed rape and embezzlement on the other side of the river. Mr. Bartlett told the man that a warrant could not be issued. "Then," said Clary, "I may as well go back, although I have traced the man here." The landlord at the American House says that Clary did not take a drink while he was in the house, and that he neither looked nor acted like a drinking man. Dr. Coventry noticed that Clary was somewhat excited and nervous on Sunday afternoon, and consequently prescribed the morphine asked for in very small doses. What Clary's crime is can only be conjectured from the question he addressed to Magistrate Bartlett.

Horrible Murder by a Negro.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 20.—A special to the Gazette from Salem, Va., dated the 19th, says: "A horrible murder was perpetrated near this place last night. Winter Payne, aged about twenty-five years, and James Adams, about fifty years old, both negro farm hands, living with George B. Cochran, got into a quarrel yesterday afternoon about a trivial matter. At supper time the quarrel was renewed in Mr. Cochran's kitchen, and a good many harsh words, but no blows, were passed between them. Adams got up and left for his home on the farm about half a mile from the house, and within a few minutes after his departure Payne also left, remarking that Jim had said his wife 'lied like hell, and now he was going to make him suffer like hell.'" In going home Jim usually followed the road a part of the way, and it is supposed that he took this route last night, and that Winter cut across the field and lay in wait for him at a pair of bars through which he had to pass. Within a short time one of the servants heard blows at the bars, and Winter called to him to come down there and take Adams home. No attention was paid to it, however, and it was not until this morning, about daybreak, that the boy who had heard the blows found Adams lying across the bars dead. He gave the alarm, and Mr. Cochran and some others repaired to the scene of the tragedy, where a most sickening spectacle met their view. There, with all the front part of his head crushed in, part of his skull, with the brains and fragments of flesh scattered around on the grass, lay all that was left of poor old Adams, one of the best natured and most inoffensive negroes in the neighborhood. The theory is that Payne struck him with a club as he stooped to go through the bars, the top one not being let down. A coroner's inquest was held as soon as a jury could be summoned, and a verdict was soon reached that: "James Adams came to his death on the night of April 18, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, by blows inflicted on his head by a blunt instrument, supposed to be in the hands of one Winter Payne." A warrant was immediately issued for the arrest of Payne, but it was found that at about twelve o'clock at night, presumably when he found his victim was dead, he went to Mr. Cochran's kitchen, called up the cook, went to his room and bundled together his clothes and decamped. The remains were turned over to an undertaker for burial at the expense of the county. Payne is a mulatto, about five feet eight or ten inches tall, weighing, perhaps, 140 to 160 pounds; he has a straggling beard over his face, which bore rather a surly expression. It is thought he will try to get to Pennsylvania, where he has relatives.

The Hinds-James Tragedy.

[With Portrait.]

We published in our preceding issue full details of another lamentable episode in the deplorable Hinds-James affair, in Baltimore, Md., namely, the fatal shooting of Isaac D. James by Denwood B. Hinds, on the streets of that city. It will be remembered that in December last a fierce shooting affray took place between Hinds and another young man named James in the store where the former was employed, growing out of a charge that Hinds had seduced James' sister, a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, and had refused to make reparation for it. Both young men were wounded, but neither seriously, and Hinds then left the city. Public attention was again called to the matter in a still more painful manner by the death of Hinds' alleged victim, by a fever, a short time before she was to have become a mother. The death-bed scene was of the most heart-rending description, and, while it excited the profoundest sympathy for the afflicted family, served to fire the hearts of the unfortunate girl's father and brother with a deeper desire for vengeance on the individual whom they charged with being the author of this misery. Hinds' return to the city precipitated the melancholy tragedy described in our last issue, which resulted in another calamity for the already sorely-trying James family in the death of its father and head at the hands of the man who is believed to have already plunged it into the deepest grief and humiliation. An authentic portrait of young Hinds, the alleged seducer of Miss James and murderer of her father, appears on another page.

The Insurance Assassins.

The trial of Charles Drews, Frank Stichler, Israel Brandt, Isiah Hummel, Henry F. Weiss and George Zechman, at Lebanon, Pa., fuller details of which are given in another column, for the murder of Joseph Raber, in December last, was concluded on the 24th. The jury retired at four o'clock in the afternoon and at nine o'clock at night rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The prisoners were convicted on the evidence of one Peters and his wife, both of whom saw the murder committed, and that of a brother of Stichler, who had been offered money to go into the conspiracy.

More Domestic Butchery.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., April 24.—Charles Sweet, a deaf mute, about thirty-eight years of age, who separated from his wife about two weeks ago, met her about half past seven o'clock to-night in a house of ill-fame. He shot her through the head three times and then, placing the pistol to his temple, killed himself instantly. His wife is still alive, but cannot survive beyond a few hours.



HOW MATTHEW MADDEN, OF AFRICAN EXTRACTION, ASSERTED THE PRIVILEGES OF HIS RECENTLY CONFERRED CITIZENSHIP, BY A DESTRUCTIVE DRUNKEN PERFORMANCE IN A STORE, TRENTON, N. J.

A Characteristic Italian Row.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Cries of "Murder!" "Watch!" were heard coming from the crowded tenements of that Italian settlement set down in the city map as Jersey street about half past ten o'clock of the evening of the 18th. Patrolman Eldrich, who was passing at the time, rushed into 13, from whence the sounds seemed to come, and on the floor of the wretched hovel found the bleeding form of a woman. In the same apartment were two Italians brandishing stiletos and looking fiercely at each other. The appearance of the officer cowed them into submission, and they were made prisoners and taken to the Fourteenth precinct. An ambulance was summoned, and the wounded woman removed to Bellevue Hospital. It was there found that she had been stabbed severely in the abdomen and also cut on the hand. The wounds, however, were not considered fatal. She gave her name as Mary Healy and stated she had no residence. Peter Abrieto, one of the Italians, was locked up, charged with the stabbing. The other, Carlo Gasza, was held on the complaint of Abrieto, who charges him with attempting to stab him. The wounded woman would give no explanation of the affair, which will be cleared up in court with the aid of an interpreter.

A Feud Settled with a Dirk.

[Subject of Illustration.]

THREE HAVES, Ind., April 18.—This morning at Franklin, a few miles from here, one of the most exciting murders that has ever been committed in Indiana took place. A long feud has existed between the families of Henry Byers and Samuel Utter, two wealthy merchants, and a meeting between them has

been forbidden and prevented by their friends. At ten o'clock to-day Henry Byers, Jr., son of the former, and Utter met on the street face to face, and the friends of the respective parties immediately separated them. Byers, however, loosened himself and struck Utter a heavy blow with a riding whip which he carried. This so enraged Utter that he drew a large dirk knife, and, despite the efforts of the bystanders, drove it full into the side of Byers, who fell heavily to the ground. Byers, however, raised himself, drew a revolver and fired at Utter, hitting him, but not inflicting a serious wound.

The greatest excitement prevailed on the street, and a fight between the friends of the wounded men was imminent. Byers died shortly after. A warrant was then issued for the arrest of Utter, who, despite his attempts to escape, was arrested and lodged in jail. The town was full of all kinds of rumors, and crowds of excited men thronged the jail. Bail was offered for the release of Utter, but it was refused.

Too Smart For the "Yorkers."

[With Illustration.]

"Was the prisoner disorderly?" asked Justice Wandell, on the 17th, eyeing Dallas Barnes, of Blooming Grove, Pa.

"Only demonstrative, Judge," Dallas himself interrupted. "I challenge the vote if he says anything else only demonstrative."

Dallas looked like an inflated Mulberry Sellers. Hat, raiment, gesture—all were identical; only he had more body.

"He wasn't very drunk," said the officer. "Just as you see him."

"Discharged," said His Honor, turning to the clerk.

Dallas caught the whisper, but not its meaning.

"Look-a-here, Judge," he interrupted. "None of that whisp'rin'. I'm 'tarnal cute, I am, and it takes more'n one Yorker t' fleece me. Ten dollars I shall pay for this drunk; it's worth every cent of it, but no more. Ten dollars your figure? You can't rise it up on me. I won't give a red more."

He waved a bill and frantically forced it on the clerk.

"All right," said His Honor, philosophically, "as you've fixed the price, so be it."



PROMPT VENGEANCE ON A BRUTAL VILLAIN—A MEXICAN RAVISHER PURSUED AND KILLED BY THE HUSBAND OF HIS VICTIM AND HIS FRIENDS, NEAR WEEDY CREEK, TEX.

Dallas came smilingly down. "Didn't get the best of me, I tell yer," he muttered, with a wink. "Cute, wasn't I? Equal to a whole regiment of Yorkers."

"Yer darned fool, he was a dischargin' of yer," was forced from the officer he spoke to—the one who had arrested him.

"What!" cried Dallas, stopping short, while his jaw fell several inches. Then he turned to the bar.

"Judge, this is downright extortion—downright extortion," he said. The Justice bowed blandly:—

"I would not for the world disagree with so clever a gentleman's estimate of a drunk," he said, "Good-bye; safe home to Pike."

Dallas never once glanced back as he left the room.

A Negro's Sanguinary Drunk.

[Subject of Illustration.]

TRENTON, N. J., April 18.—Matthew Madden, a colored citizen while drunk last night entered a dry-goods store, brandished a huge knife and threatened to cut the clerks into mince meat. After frightening the occupants of the store, he entered another in the neighborhood, and flourishing his knife, began a war dance, which was abruptly terminated by his falling against and demolishing a show-case. Madden is now in jail.

Prompt Vengeance on a Brutal Villain.

[Subject of Illustration.]

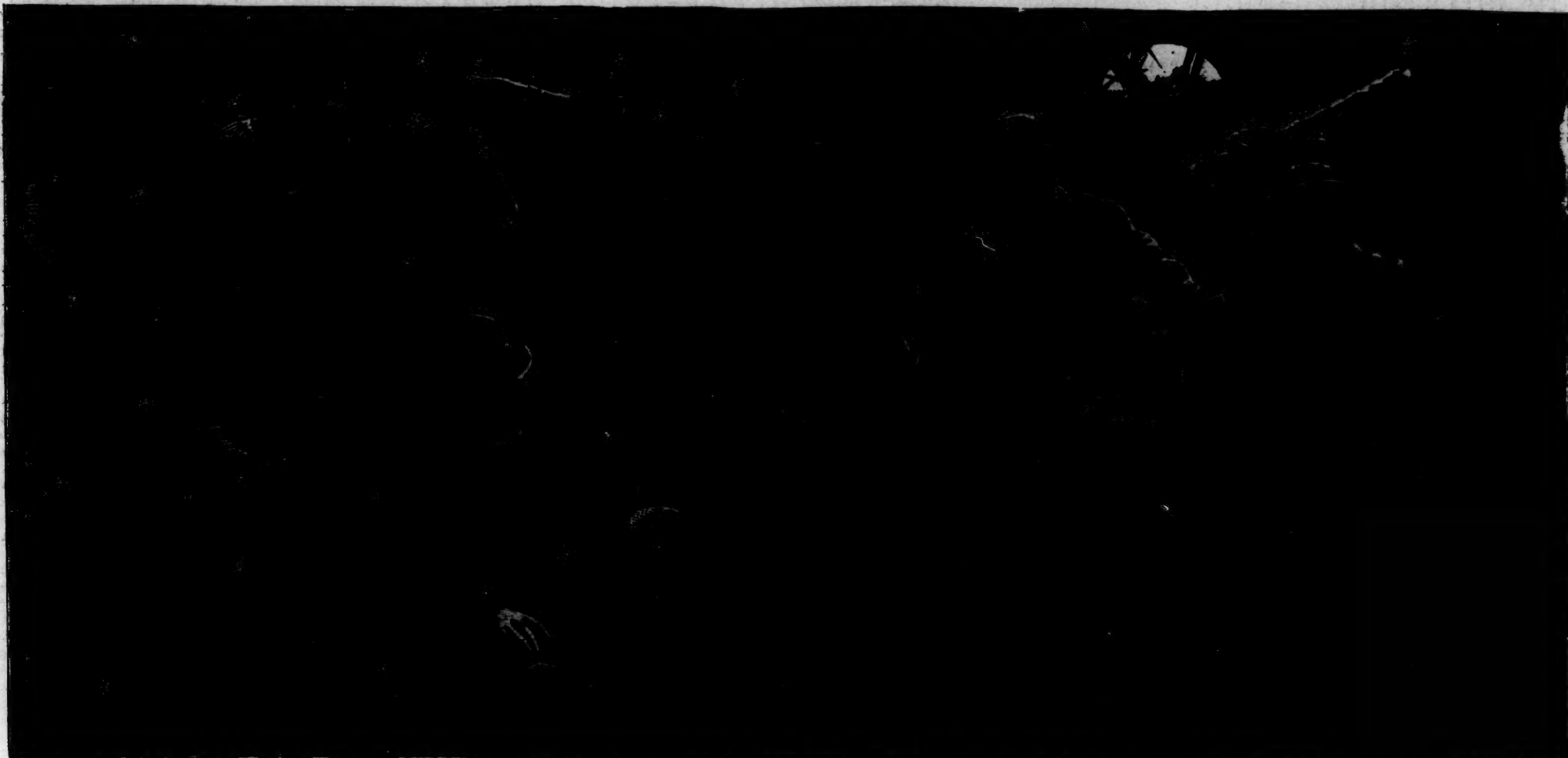
OAKVILLE, Tex., April 18.—A Mexican entered the house of a citizen living at Weedy Creek, brutally outraged his wife, who was alone, and fatally shot her in the breast. She lived to relate the facts to her husband and a few friends, who pursued, captured and shot the villain dead in his tracks.



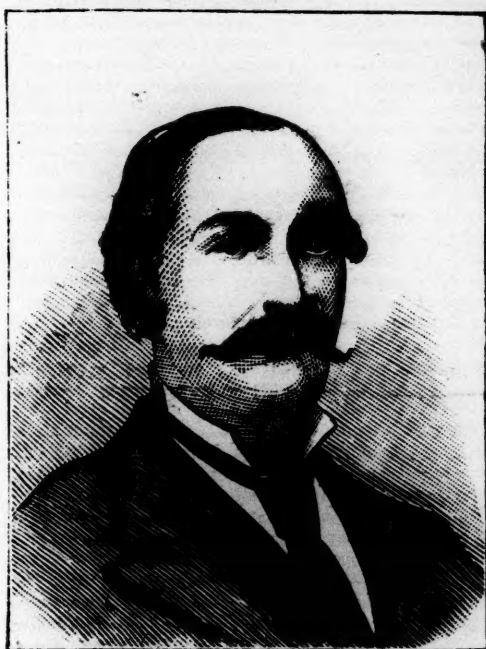
MYSTERIOUS QUARREL OF TWO ITALIANS OVER THE BODY OF A WOUNDED WOMAN, WHICH BARELY ESCAPED PROVING A BLOODY TRAGEDY, NEW YORK CITY.



A FEUD SETTLED WITH A DIRK—THE LONG CHERISHED DEADLY ENMITY BETWEEN HENRY BYERS AND SAMUEL UTTER, TWO WEALTHY MERCHANTS OF FRANKLIN, IND., CULMINATES IN A STREET RENCONTER AND FATAL STABBING OF A SON OF THE FORMER.



BRUTAL ASSAULT BY A GANG OF BUFFIANS—CHARLES KOEGEL, WHILE DRIVING HOME LATE AT NIGHT, IS DRAGGED FROM HIS WAGON AND BEATEN ALMOST TO DEATH BY FOUR MEN, ONE OF WHOM HE DECLARES TO BE HENRY FISHER, A NEIGHBOR, JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—SEE PAGE 6



JOSIAH BACON, TREASURER OF THE GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY, KILLED BY DR. CHALFANT, SAN FRANCISCO.

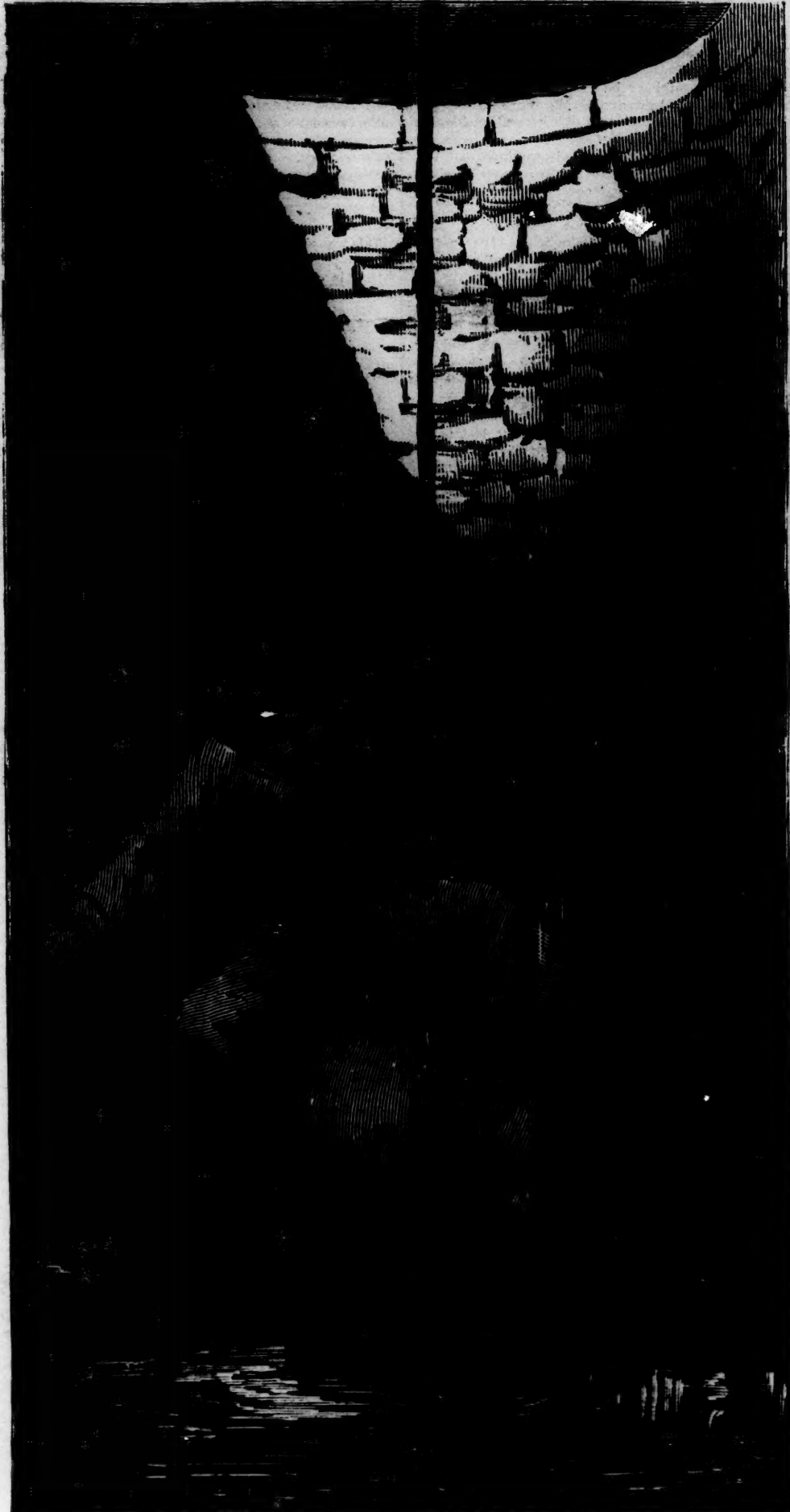
A Girl's Fearful Plunge.

[Subject of Illustration.]

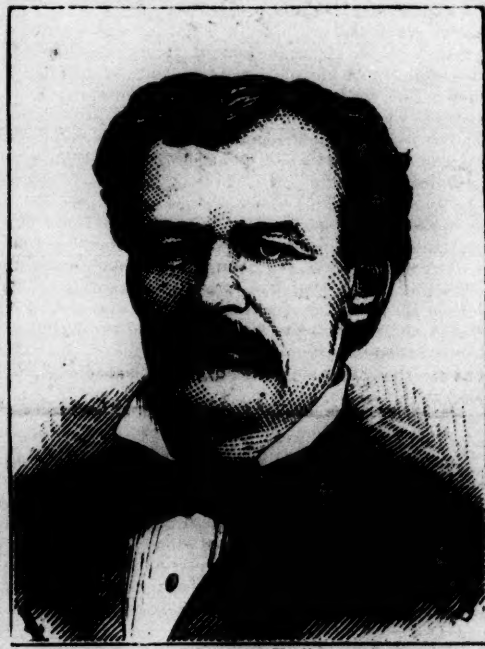
DES MOINES, Iowa, April 18.—On Sunday last, Belle Mason, twenty-two years of age, was nursing a sick friend, and at five o'clock in the morning she went to the well to get a glass of water for the sick girl. While she was raising the bucket with a pulley-rope a dog ran against her and, the curbing being slippery, threw her feet from under her and she plunged head-first into the well, which was twenty-one feet deep to the water, and the latter six feet deep. Below the bottom of the well proper, was a hole drilled through a stratum of rock forty feet, and large enough to admit the body of a man, which, fortunately, the girl escaped. Rising to the surface she uttered a scream. After several immersions in the water she got hold of the bucket and waited for help. Avery McCune, a young man, without a thought of peril, descended



EPHRAIM HENRY JOHNSON, THE BAY SHORE, LONG ISLAND, WIFE MURDERER.



GALLANT RESCUE OF MISS BELLE MASON BY AVERY McCUNE, WHO DESCENDS TO THE BOTTOM OF A WELL INTO WHICH SHE HAD FALLEN AND CARRIES HER TO THE SURFACE UNAIDED, NEAR DES MOINES, IOWA.



DR. SAMUEL P. CHALFANT, SELF-CONFESSED MURDERER OF JOSIAH BACON, SAN FRANCISCO.

into the well, picking his way along the stone wall, reaching the girl as she had nearly become exhausted. Clasp ing her under one arm, the heroic fellow re-traced his way, as he went down, and placed her on the surface, when she swooned completely. When it is considered that she weighs 130 pounds, added to which were her water-soaked garments, and that she was so exhausted as to be perfectly helpless, the nerve and pluck of the young man are apparent.

Albert M. Boyton, a shirt manufacturer, doing business at 631 DeKalb avenue, Brooklyn, had a narrow escape from assassination on the night of the 22nd. He was visiting the apartments of Mrs. John H. Preston, an employe, who lives in a house opposite the factory, when Mr. Preston came in, and, as alleged, in a fit of jealousy, fired three shots from a revolver at Mr. Boyton.



DENWOOD B. HINDS, MURDERER OF ISAAC D. JAMES, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PHANTOM FRIEND.

OR,

The Mystery of the Devil's Pool.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER.

Author of "PRINCE MARCO; OR, THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE ARENA," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LETTERS," AND "POPULAR PICTURES OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[The Phantom Friend,] was commenced in No. 67. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER XXII.
(Continued.)

So at about eight o'clock on the following evening, the carriage arrived for Alice, the driver having already been instructed as to where he should convey his fare.

The rendezvous was at Flick's house, in Carmansville. At the same time that Alice started, another carriage drove up to the rookery, much to the surprise of the inhabitants of that cheerful abode, and to their still greater surprise conveyed away the mysterious woman in the top story rear building.

At 1618 Leary street, all was commotion. Weddings are rather important affairs, and this coming one certainly was of more importance to a good many people than weddings usually are.

It certainly was to Mr. Calvin, who on this eventful evening, was ruminating as to where it would all end. He was not as cheerful as bridegrooms ought to be. In fact, the expression of Mr. Calvin's countenance, as the hour drew near that was to make him a married man, would induce the casual observer to augur that he anticipated being taken out and hanged.

He was in the cell where he had been confined since his arrest, Flick having explained enough to the captain to induce that official to wink at what would otherwise have been a somewhat irregular proceeding.

As we have said all was in a state of excitement in the driver's home. He, as the hour of triumph approached, lost something of his self-possession and seemed like a somewhat nervous general on the eve of a great battle.

Jacques was equally flustered. He was to see the beautiful woman he loved so passionately made another's wife, and yet he was told by his brother that that circumstance would not render the realization of his fondest hopes impossible.

As to Flora it was quite natural that she should suffer from the extremest agitation. She was at length to fold her sister to her breast, and then see her made a second bride. Jules, who had already declared himself, and been accorded the greatest hope had also mystified her with his remarks as to the possibility of the marriage being annulled almost as soon as performed.

The driver's mother and Mrs. Ballette, who knew of the event, were to remain at home.

Jacques was to take Laura to Mr. Flick's house, while his brother went on ahead with Flora and concealed her, so that the meeting should be apropos. Lizzie Kelly was to be also out of sight until the supreme moment, as was Alice.

Owing to the hut of Tupa Dick having been ascertained not to possess sufficient accommodations for the festive affair, Flick had kindly put his parlor at the disposal of the party. Still Tupa Dick, at his own request, and in consideration of services he had so nobly performed, was an invited guest.

It was certainly a strange gathering.

CHAPTER XXIII.
THE CEREMONY.

In honor of the evening the Sergeant had his neat but unpretentious house brilliantly illuminated to such an extent that all the neighbors were consumed with curiosity to know what was on the carpet. This curiosity was ripened considerably when the carriages began to arrive.

That containing Flora and the driver was the first. She was deeply veiled and was taken to an upper room. She did not see the Sergeant then, he being at the station-house, and it being part of Jules' plan to have the surprises all at once.

It must be remembered that Flick still lay awake at night pondering over the suicide in the Devil's Pool, as did Dashington, who was also to be present. He also was at the station-house when the first carriage arrived.

Then came Jacques and Laura, the latter being left in the parlor, there being no mystery about her presence any more than there would be about that of Calvin.

They were the two necessary individuals, or rather two of the three, the minister, who was to be on hand early, being the third.

Alice and Lizzie—the latter made presentable by some articles of wearing apparel which Jules had caused to be obtained for her—were put into a room by themselves, where they cheerfully passed the time talking about the murder of George Webster.

His widow had not been invited, it being deemed undesirable. The painful revelations to be made were not of such a nature that they could be sprung immediately on one who occupied her position of suffering.

Just a little before ten o'clock the last carriage arrived. Flick's own trap, and in it the Sergeant and Calvin. They were handcuffed together. A policeman drove.

Tupa Dick came over on foot, arrayed in his best clothes and having an air of importance befitting the occasion. He established himself in the kitchen.

When the murderer saw the girl whose father he had murdered, and who was so soon to become his wife, he displayed no emotion. A cynical smile played upon his lips, and the handcuffs having been removed he threw himself into a chair with his old air of bravado. She trembled, turned pale and looked the other way.

The memory of the horrible scene the night of the assassination came before her. Again she saw her father with his glassy eyes bent upon her, again she heard his groans.

Flick had officers stationed about the house, for he knew the desperate character of his man and that, if he saw the game was up, he would stop at nothing either in his attempt to escape or to revenge himself.

At last all was ready and the minister requested the contracting persons to stand up. Calvin arose as if some one had asked him to take a drink, while Laura with difficulty reached her feet and had to be supported by Jules.

"Who appears as the friend of the bridegroom?" the minister asked. "It is customary to have some one, even for no other purpose than that of serving as a witness."

"I will," Flick answered. "I am his gentleman's closest friend just now."

Calvin darted a malignant glance at the officer and then shrugging his shoulders remarked—

"This seems to be very funny. Let us get through with all this mockery."

"One moment," the officiating clergyman interposed, "the groom is represented, now for the bride. Has she a lady friend present?"

This was the moment for the first of the surprises which the magician Jules had arranged. He was a little doubtful too as to its effect upon Laura whom he had privately told to be prepared for a great joy. Leaning over her he whispered, "remember—he brave—this is what I spoke about."

She trembled like a leaf, and when he went to the door leading into the hall, her eyes followed him while her heart quickened its beats.

Calvin also seemed to take a sudden interest in the proceedings. He dropped his nonchalant air, and a close observer would have seen that he became a trifle pale.

"What is it, I wonder?" he muttered to himself.

The door was thrown open and a lady, dressed in black and heavily veiled, entered. Flick was standing directly opposite and Dashington was on a sofa. With the exception of Calvin, the minister, Laura and Jules, there were no others in the parlor, Jacques having charge of the arrangements outside the room.

There was deep silence for a moment, and then Jules, taking the lady's hand, advanced with her into the full light of the room, and said—

"Please remove your veil. She did so—it was Flora."

Her sister uttered a scream, a scream of astonishment and joy combined and then almost swooned into Flora's arms.

As for Calvin it was as if an earthquake had exploded under him. His eyes dilated—he made a movement as if to banish what he certainly considered at the moment a vision, and finally ejaculated—

"Great God! where did you come from?"

"From the death to which you drove me, and I came to be present at your wedding."

She said this not revengefully, but for once her soft eyes did flash fire and her form quivered with emotion. She would have mentioned the subject of her father's assassination, but Jules had suggested that it would be better not to obtrude that terrible affair just at a time when Laura would be completely unstrung. She certainly was, as she lay in her sister's arms, kissing her and hugging her and crying like a child.

"Thank heaven," she at length managed to exclaim, "it has taken from me but it has given me also. Oh, my sister—how happy I am even in my deep affliction to see you. But where have you been? What does it mean?"

"Hush, dear," Flora replied, "I will explain all in due time."

"Yes," Jules added, "and besides let us proceed with this necessary business."

Turning to the minister he further remarked, "This lady will officiate as bridesmaid. We are ready."

All this time the astonishment of Flick and Dashington, who could not fail to take in the situation at once, can well be imagined. They were simply stupefied.

"I say, old man," the Sergeant finally managed to ejaculate, as he approached Jules, "come now—where did you find this young lady?"

"You shall know all after we are through. I am anxious to have this marriage take place. It is not the most pleasant suspense for the young lady," motioning toward Laura.

So they all stood up again in the usual tableau, Flick never removing his eyes from Flora's face, and possessing certainly the expression of a man who had just seen a ghost.

The usual questions were asked, and the usual responses made, Laura speaking in a voice almost inaudible, and Calvin answering recklessly. He had recovered from the surprise engendered by the apparition, and now wanted to get through with what he considered the last act in his troubles, having resolved when liberated, as he thought he would be, to leave this section of the country as soon as possible.

Again he went over mentally, even while the divine was reading the Episcopalian service, the promises that had been made him, bearing upon his promised immunity from the offenses for which he could be imprisoned, not to mention the one for which he could be hanged.

This did not worry him. He knew the woman, being made his wife, would never divulge the secrets of that night of blood.

"It's devilish good Lizzie's dead," he thought; "there's no getting her out of the grave like they did this one."

It was soon over. Laura Benedict was Mrs. Calvin. Just before the paper was signed Tupa Dick, who had particularly requested permission to do so, came to the door and beckoned to the Sergeant. Flora was standing with her back to him.

"I say, Sergeant Flick," the fisherman began, "you remember those diamonds?"

"I should say I do—have you found them?"

"Yes, sir, here they are," and he produced the glittering gems from a pocket in the breast of his shirt.

"But how did you find them?"

Dick told him, the Sergeant listening with an air of incredulity, but was finally convinced by the earnestness of the negro that he was speaking the truth. Then Dick told the officer of his intention to present them as a wedding present to Laura.

"But why not to this lady?" asked the Sergeant, and approaching Flora respectfully he asked her to step to the doorway. She turned and Tupa Dick saw her. All the astonishment of the others put together did not equal that of the fisherman, who, being of a peculiarly superstitious nature and a dealer in charms himself, believed that he really saw a spirit. He had only strength to mutter something, to barely touch the beautiful hand extended to him, dropping the diamonds in it at the same time, and then he turned and ran out of the house never stopping until he reached his hut, where he immediately fell into a most serious conversation with his gods.

After this incident the marriage document was appropriately signed and handed to Laura, who at that moment having exhausted her strength, swooned into the arms of her sister and was finally taken from the room.

"Well, can I go now?" asked Calvin. "I've done what you asked and you know what you promised."

"Well, not just yet, Mr. Calvin," the diver answered, advancing toward him with an entire change of mien, at the same time handing an official looking paper to Flick, who stood ready, like a tiger prepared to spring.

"What else is there?" faltered Calvin.

"We wish to arrest you."

"For what?"

"For the murder of George Webster."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Chloride, Cal., News.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is now the leading paper of its kind, in the United States. It has lately been enlarged.

Williamsport, Pa., Sun.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, of New York city, has been materially improved and appears in an entire new outfit. It is an illustrated, sensational journal, treating of murders, robberies and catastrophes, and is read by everybody—when they can get a copy.

GLIMPSSES OF GOTHAM.

Getting a Friend out of the Tombs, which is there described by Paul.

CHARLEY IN THE TEN DAY'S HOUSE.

How Mr. Charles Dickens was Guyed about the City Prison when Here.

ITS TRUE HISTORY.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

I shall have to postpone this week, the further history of the pretty girl who thought she saw her sister, a mistake which reminds me of the old song, "Oh! have you seen my sister," because I had an engagement on the day appointed with Charley, to investigate the subject to get that young man out of the Tombs.

He couldn't tell me why he got there, and he hasn't yet, but I intend that he shall, if persuasive eloquence can possibly have any effect. On second thought, I don't think he felt like telling anybody about anything. He wasn't hurt as he was in Bellevue Hospital, although one of the black eyes had opened a new account with destiny, but he was the most deplorable object you ever saw.

He was in the ten-days' house, and after I had gotten the heavenly paper from the Judge, I sought him. Have you ever been in the ten-days' house? of course you haven't—what a silly question. Staid, sober readers of the GAZETTE do not get there, especially those that have staid sober.

The ten-days' house was originally a separate institution, and is older than the Tombs proper, which seems to have taken it for a stone nucleus and clustered about it. At certain hours of the day, this delightful resort is washed out, and not unwisely. During the performance of that operation, the gentlemanly boarders who pass half their time at the barred door to see if any happy possessor of chewing tobacco is coming along, are taken for exercise to the yard fronting the Franklin street gate.

This is the romantic spot where they hang those unfortunate enough to need such attention, and it was in this yard—one of about twenty tramps and bums—that I saw the disconsolate Charley.

He was standing to one side with his back against the main corridor wall, but the moment he saw me he came forward with a yell of joy that would have passed as a Zulu war cry.

The gate was opened, and Charley, who had immediately regained his good spirits, turned to his less fortunate companions, and lifting a very battered hat, said, "Good-day, gentlemen."

This was naturally intended to be facetious, but it considerably riled an aged patriarch with a seasonable nose—that is one of the strawberry type—who shouted after him—

"That's too tight. I know you; worked in the same shop with you on the Island."

Charles waited for no more repartee. We departed immediately, and as soon as we got in the street, he said—

"Let's have a drink, Paul, for heaven's sake."

It was while taking the drink that I signally failed to pump him—he looked as if he needed pumping on—and, therefore, on this occasion, "ladies and gentlemen," as they say when a prima donna becomes sick because she didn't get a certain part, we will substitute for the disgraceful narrative of my friend, which I am sure will prove interesting, some rambling account of the Tombs.

HOW DICKENS WAS GUYED.

It will be remembered that the great English novelist, came to this country and picked up some "American Notes," which make very interesting reading, barring their inaccuracies. While he was in New York he visited the Tombs, of course; every one does more or less, some in one capacity, some in another. He went, of course, as an honored guest, and he was shown around. See what he says in one section of his accounts—

"Are those black doors the cells?"

"Yes."

"Are they all full?"

"Well, they're pretty nigh full, and that's a fact, and no two ways about it."

"Those at the bottom are unwholesome, surely?"

"Why we do only put colored people in them, and that's the truth."

"When do the prisoners take exercise?"

"Well, they do without it pretty much."

"Do they never walk in the yard?"

"Considerable seldom."

"Sometimes, I suppose?"

"Well, it's rare they do; they keep pretty bright without it."

He calls it a dismal-fronted pile of Bastard Egyptian, and then asks further:

"Pray, why do they call this place the Tombs?"

"Well, it's the cant name."

"I know it is. Why?"

"Some suicides happened here when it was first built. I suppose it came from that."

Unless the attendant was equally ignorant, Mr. Dickens was at that moment getting taffy.

ITS CORRECT HISTORY.

The Tombs is the original successor of the Bridewell, and the commitment papers of to-day speak of it as the "City Prison and Bridewell." It was finished in 1838.

It stands on made ground formed by filling up the Collect Pond, which was bounded by Pearl, Mulberry, Centre and Canal streets, and revives the memories of that beautiful sheet of water which used to flow through Canal street to the North River by the manner in which it collects all sorts of people from the stylish insurance company president, who does not know how to add up figures, to individuals like Charley.

In 1830 New York city's population was 203,000, with more wickedness to the square inch than you could shake Captain Williams' club at, and they began to think of a new prison.

About this time there was published a book entitled "Stevens' Travels." The author was John L. Stevens, Esq., of Hoboken, who had recently returned from an extended tour through Asia and the Holy Land. The book was full of interest and contained many illustrations of the rare and curious things he had seen. Among these illustrations was one of an ancient Egyptian tomb, accompanied by a full and accurate description.

The committee appointed to consider the plan of the proposed building pounced on this tomb, and hence the phrase "The Tombs," which Mr. Dickens said he knew was a cant word, after blackguarding the architecture and calling it of a bastard type.

No one knows who the first prisoner was, and it's a great pity; not possessing the fact, we are equally in doubt as to his offense. Was it murder, arson, or horse-stealing? I am of the opinion that he was in for beating his wife, but can give no reason for my impression.

Think what a swell he was though. The solitary inhabitant, outside of the officers appointed to guard him, of a brand new Egyptian tomb, the exact model of one, perhaps, in which some royal nabob was taking his eternal nap.

Think of him standing in the corridor, looking around and saying, "This is all for me." It must have been joy ecstasie.

Originally The Tombs was under the charge of a sheriff. Now the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections have it under their control. The present Warden is John Finn, and "a right good Warden too." He lives right in the building, which is the proper way for a Warden to live. Two hundred persons can be accommodated, at one to the cell, but very frequently they have to be doubled up. They are arranged on the tiers according to the grade of their offense. The condemned and convicted are on the ground floor, generally a good place to be in an oil company, but not so pleasant in this instance. On the second tier are the prisoners charged with somewhat serious offenses, like murder, arson and the like. Grand larceny and burglary are the chief offenses which consign prisoners to the third tier, while the light offenses, like petit larceny, determine the status of the fourth tier men. There are a great many boys here—boys of the hoodlum age—although there is an especial boys' prison as there is a special female prison.

There is a chapel on the top floor, fronting Centre street, where religious services are held every Sunday. This is especially for the females. In the male prison charitable, philanthropic and religious people attend gratuitously to the spiritual consolation of the inmates. There is always some minister to preach, and some sweet female voice to carol forth the chants and hymns of religious belief. Then the ladies make the tour of the tiers, presenting flowers, giving books, and saying kind words to the caged ones. I knew personally one prisoner, connected with the Gleason-Roberts bond forgeries, who remained in the Tombs eighteen months prior to trial and conviction. He then received a sentence of a short time to the Island, where he died. Never did I visit him but what I found his cell fragrant with the most beautiful floral offerings.

Yes, it was also a marvel of neatness, showing what the ingenuity of man can accomplish when he has nothing more than four white-washed walls to operate on.

OTHER LADY VISITORS.

There is a class of lady visitors that the prisoners do not like. I allude to those well-dressed women, moving in the best society, who get passes and come down to the Tombs just as if it were a menagerie or beer garden which they could examine safely simply because all the animals are securely chained.

"Oh, do show me a real live murderer. Is that one? He looks it. What did he do? Killed his wife? My, how dreadful!"

"And so this is the padded cell. See Lucy—here's where they put the crazy people so they won't bump their brains out—isn't it awful?"

And so they go on passing along the corridors, reading out loud the names on the slates above the doors, and otherwise insulting, by their well-bred impoliteness, the misery of the criminals behind the bars.

Whenever a galaxy of these visitors puts in an appearance, the fact is at once communicated through the telephonic water pipes, running from cell to cell, and generally a sort of sibilant kiss-sound resounds through the building which sometimes, when they understand it is intended for them, forces them to retire.

Quite a different class of female visitors are the friends of the prisoners. They are of all styles. That stout lady in black, clinging to the grating of cell No. —, is the wife of its occupant, a man in for an insurance fraud.

The old Irish lady a little further down, is crying over her son, committed for manslaughter.

The demure, and prettily-dressed blonde, with gloved hands, who has just put her mouth up to the wires to have a phantom kiss, is the mistress of the crackman within, who is sure to get five years. She promises, with tears in her pretty eyes, to be true to him and to come up the river each visiting day. But you know what such women are.

Down stairs at the desk where Mr. Hennessey presides, prisoners are constantly brought in, and entered in the ponderous ledger constructed for that purpose. Grim book-keeping isn't it? Name, religion, birth, nationality, married or unmarried, occupation, all go down in this volume as if it contained the invoice of a coasting schooner.

While this is going on, a court officer brings in three men handcuffed together, and produces his tally-sheet so that they may be ticked off. A yet untired "pal" of one, catches sight of him and yells—

"How much, Jimmy?"

And Jimmy holds up three fingers, which is certainly eloquent enough.

Avoiding a howling man in a straight-jacket who is being forced into the corridor, let us pass out into the yard where a vehicle is loading with bread for some other prison, and where the Black Maria is getting its complement of passengers for the Island.

A novel sight, this cramming condemned humanity into prettily-tinted wagons, after which the small boys run when they appear on the streets, sometimes with bloated faces pressed against the little iron ventilating windows under the roof.

The men get in sullenly enough in their van, scrambling up the step and disappearing as rapidly as possible in the oblong vehicle, but the women rather seem to enjoy the novelty and luxury of the trip.

Did I say novelty? Some of these ladies have taken the ride so often that all the bloom of novelty has worn off, and they look upon it as a matter of course.

But they are all gay, and if there is one in excess of the number that the inside can take care of, they fight for the honor of having a seat beside the driver, an honor which he is often ungallant enough not to appreciate.

They are generally a frowsy-looking lot, with dragged calico dresses and eyes bleared with rum.

If they possessed such a thing as a visiting-card, I am sure "Bottle Alley" would follow the name in the case of nine out of every ten.

Men for Sing Sing are taken to the Forty-second street depot in carriages and thence, linked to the deputy sheriff, are whirled to their beautiful Hudson home. Many desperate attempts are made to escape, and instances are on record where the hand-cuffed man, separated from the officer, has shot himself through the window of the car.

This is a species of taking chances which makes the blood run cold.

A single glance at the white pigeons making curves in the air, and at the pretty flower garden, and we have seen all that can be seen in this space.

Warely, Ill., Journal.

We consider it the most valuable expositor of criminal doings, and believe it is doing more solid work in the suppression of vice than all the daily papers combined.

WAFINGS FROM THE WINGS.

A Plaintiff Lay about the Minstrels.—The Past and the Present.—Very little Change.

The appearance in this city of Haverley's Mastodon Minstrel troupe, naturally turns the thoughts of your illustrious, dignified and blue-blooded marquis to minstrelsy in general, and induces him to compare the present with the past of this branch of the show business, deducing all possible lessons.

In the first place, the name Mastodon is a good one for a troupe that boasts of eight end men. Ordinarily, one is bad enough, but in this instance the experiment has been made, not for the purpose of multiplying the badness of the position, but in order to have the end men so neutralize each other that one good end man at least would be possible.

But to return to the name—Mastodon is a good word because it accurately sets forth the gigantic dimensions of the troupe, and also alludes to the age of the art.

If I remember correctly, the Mastodon was an animal that used to browse around in primeval forests, but is now chiefly relegated in a sectional sort of way to the glass cases of museums. You can see a fine specimen of him at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. It was the noble proportions of this animal which induced Mr. Haverley, a gentleman who owns two or three theatres, and Heaven only knows how many travelling companies to name his minstrel troupe after him.

The second thought is that of the age, significance, as the same which applies to all minstrel shows. Did you ever reflect upon the fact that from the first minstrel entertainment that you can remember to the present time, there has been but little change in style of programme.

The old timers had their first act—the parlor scene, as it is sometimes called, and it remains intact. Now—there is the interlocutor—there the tambore—there the bones.

"Did you see me the other evening, Jimmy, lemonading on Broadway?"

"You mean promenading, you had a very fine lady on your arm."

"Wasn't she a bang up piece of dry-goods," etc., etc., to where the joke comes in about the father doing something or other.

This style has been in vogue so far back that the longest telescope of the memory cannot reach it.

The huge shirt collars of the end men have not changed, nor has the habit of tambore to spin his tamborine on his finger and make hideous faces at the audience.

As of yore the first part is sprinkled with sentimental and comic songs. The songs change but the style does not. The tenor sings about a rose, or a baby, or a letter in the candle, the basso gives "Simon, the Cellarer," or tells "How he stood on the bridge at midnight," (locked out, probably), the baritone has an operatic chance, and the end men supply mournful ditties about "Hash," "Bull-pups," "My Mary Ann," and the like.

The second part is the same now as in the past, save that new acts have been introduced to hit off the times. Even this requirement does not prevent the constant reappearance of the gallus young man who is "just going down to Simpson's to win that cup," and is met by the seedy banjost, carrying a valise with no bottom to it, who proposes a preliminary trial of skill as he is going there, too.

Nearly all the negro acts end in clubbing people, knocking them down, and banging them about. Force is a very important element indeed in minstrelsy, and by a close study of the business we are enabled to see that what isn't a bit funny in real life is excessively ludicrous when exhibited upon the burnt-cork stage.

The clog-dancers are the same. To my mind they are the most interminable bores; as they click together, away this way and that, and keep monotonous time to the jig music.

The clog-dancer may have his purpose in life, as, no doubt, the mosquito has, but when I am witnessing one at a minstrel hall, and gunning for another at five A. M. on a July day, I am free to confess that I doubt it. They are so impassive—their faces are so like stone—their movements so methodical. I would much rather see genuine automata like the Marionettes. They are jolly little wooden people that make me laugh.

The clog-dancer always wears a boiled, ruffled shirt and velvet knee-breeches, which must, of course, have been the costume of the clog-dancer in the time of Old Jim Crow.

One thing must be said for the old-timers—they were much funnier than the gentlemen who have succeeded them. They devoted a good deal of time to picking up general delineations of character. Men in the business lounged about the docks, made trips among the deck-hands of steamboats, became intimate with white-washers, barbers, waiters and plantation hands, just in order to study the little eccentricities of the negro which they faithfully reproduced.

The Christy's, Frank Brower, Eph Horn and Sam Sandford, were among these conscientious workers.

In those days the songs were better. Stephen Foster was still alive and wedded the pathos and merriment of the slave's life in a manner so replete with melody that his matchless style has never been equalled. His score ran the gamut from the wail of a broken-heart in a deserted cabin to the boisterous laugh of a carless picker in the cotton fields.

"Dandy Jim," and "Old Dan Tucker," were two of the comic songs then in vogue, while sentimental young ladies sang "Nellie Was a Lady," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and "My Old Kentucky Home."

The singing now is more artistic, approaching the operatic and concert idea. The negro dialect is almost altogether dropped, but in the construction of the programme and in the jokes (I'll take oath I met one the other night I had laughed at when a boy) it is essentially the same.

Mr. Haverley has made a new departure in having eight end men. It may suit him; undoubtedly it does, and there is no law to prevent him.

If when he gets out upon the road, agricultural suicides occur among the audience, it will be simply because the rural brain is not strong enough to stand a company that comes blazing into town with so rare-raising a name as "Mastodon," and a complete octave of bones and tamborines.

MARQUIS DE LORNETTE.

Green-Room Gossip.

Mme. Roze has made a California hit in "La Favorita." Niblo's Garden opens under Ed. Gilmore's management September 15th.

"Snowball" is the rather unseasonable name of the new play at Wallack's.

Mary Anderson is going into comedy. Why? Some of her tragedy is farce enough.

Don't go for "Lost Children" to Police Headquarters, but to the Union Square Theatre.

Fatinitza, written by Suppe (nothing to do with Supers), is going well at the Fifth Avenue.

The Knights in "Otto" this week at the Broadway. It is the best of the German dialect plays.

Poor Almee has had a hard time with her voice. In the matter of colds, singers should be excepted.

Mr. W. W. Tillotson, of the Park, is to have a benefit this week. Mr. Abbey should enlarge the house.

At the Vaudeville, in London, they only changed the sex of the play, making it "Our Girls" instead of "Our Boys."

Miss Fanny Davenport has been doing an immense business at the Grand Opera House. She looks more gorgeous than ever.

Mr. Reeves in the box-office at Niblo's, is, to speak tritely, the right man in the right place. He is genial, courteous and efficient.

Talk about your poor actors—here's Sothorn and Florence leasing an entire river in Canada for seven years just for the purpose of salmon fishing.

The Bowers is to be made a German Theatre. What's the use when one door opens into the Atlantic Garden. John A. Mack's "Saleslady" is produced there to-night. We mean in the theatre.

It has been officially decided that the little children at Niblo's shall dance if they desire to. A sensible decision. Without these funny Japanese Midgets the spectacle would lose much of its attractiveness.

L'Assommoir will be produced at the Olympic by Mr. Daly, on the 30th. It means a drink and the entire play is a realistic exposition of the draught of drink. Wonder if the young men will go out between the acts as usual?

We are glad that Miss Eva Mills has been engaged to sing Josephine in the Henderson Pinafore Company. She was the first Josephine in New York, singing the role under Mr. Duff's management at the Standard. The critics gaped her, but she has pluckily shown that they were at fault.

The attempt to assassinate Edwin Booth was as silly a thing, (considering that it was abortive we can speak so lightly) as ever occurred. The St. Louis traveling salesman, if he is not sent to the insane asylum, should go so long to jail that all the present styles in his line of trade will be twenty years old when he comes out.

Miss Sarah Jewett must be singularly hard up for an advertisement. Now did she give the pretty horses in the engine house apples and lumps of white sugar? Of course she did. And was she afraid when the nasty gong sounded? Certainly she was. Miss Jewett had better devote her time to growing up to common sense.

Last week was the last of the New York engagement of Barnum's great show. It has delighted hundreds of thousands during its stay, is certainly the most gorgeously arranged affair of the kind ever seen in the world, and is sure to meet with overwhelming success wherever it goes. Mr. George F. Starr is the enterprising press agent.

The opening of the Madison Square Theatre, last Wednesday night, was a tremendous success. The play is a good one ("Aftermath, or, Won at Last"). Mr. Mackaye was never in better form. The house is prettily decorated. Mr. Dan Hopkins is a genial and energetic director, and Mr. Kennard Philp is a good man for the management. No wonder it was a success.

In speaking of amateurs the London *World* makes these reflections:—"Amateurs are, as a rule, limp; when they are not limp they are stagey. It is perhaps too much to expect persons who have little or no practice to compete with those for whom it is a life-long study; but amateurs now would seem to court the comparison, and in their eager running up and down after fame and notoriety to endeavor to exalt what should be only an agreeable pastime into the business of existence."

Booth's Theatre has been leased by Dion Boucicault for six months, from the first of September next, at a rental of \$20,000. During the summer he purposes spending about \$5,000 on the house, which has had really no repairs since it was first opened, eleven years ago. Mr. Boucicault, by the way, is a poor man again. He is what people ordinarily call broke. The result has been mainly brought about by his speculation in Consolidated Virginia stock. Stock that he bought at 40 is now down to 5.—*Dramatic News.*

Theatre tickets in olden times were in some instances of very odd design. In Rome a visitor purchased at the office a slender little cane that he carried in his hand and delivered to the door-keeper. For the highest priced seats that stick was of ivory; for the cheapest, of bronze. Many of these bronze canes have been found in Pompeii and there are some in the museum of Naples. They are very slender and gracefully made, having at the top a little dome on which a pigeon is perched. Even now in Italy they call the highest seats "pigeon-hole," or dove cots. Wonder if there were speculators then?

FOREIGN NOTES.

Vicomtesse Vigier, once Sophy Cruvelli, the famous prima donna, was in imminent danger recently at her house in Nice. She was reading in bed, when the curtains caught fire from the candle. She at first attempted to extinguish the flames herself, but did not succeed, and had to call for assistance. The firemen and a detachment of soldiers from the garrison were soon on the spot, but before the flames could be extinguished the whole of the furniture in the room was destroyed.

Miss Thursty has made an enviable success in Paris. All the critics unite in praising her voice and execution. *Figaro* calls her another Patti. *L'Art Musical*, which, by the way, credits her with being descended on one side from an old "Knicker-Booker" family—says that she is, in concert, without a rival. *Le XIXe Siècle*, praising her voice, which it declares that she manages with skill and grace, says also that she is ravishingly pretty.

Le Sport speaks of the sweet, vibrating timbre of her voice, and of its great flexibility. *Le Petit Journal*, mentioning first her charming voice and her musical cultivation, says that she sang an air of Mozart and a theme with variations of Proch, and adds that she gave the first "with a taste and simplicity marvelously appropriate to Mozart's style; and the second with an ease, a flexibility, a strength and a certainty of attack which won hearty and unanimous applause." *Le Gaulois* says that she is on the way to become one among the most celebrated singers. *Le Rappel* declares that she is in talent of the family of Patti and Alboni, and that her voice is of the same metal, forged in the same school. *Charivari* says that with her first notes she conquered her audience, and *Le Temps* and *Le Menestrel* are full of her gifts and graces. Her audience recalled and recalled her, and certainly since Alboni no foreign singer has had such a flattering success in the French capital.

Sad about Mrs. Rousby. Heavens! how her beauty used to thrill the bloods of the town. The following is her histrionic career: During the fall of 1880, Tom Taylor paid a visit to a small theatre in the Channel Islands where she was then playing small parts. Mr. Taylor took a great interest in the fair-haired Saxon actress, and took her and her husband to London. She appeared at the Queen's Theatre, Longacre, London, on the evening of December 18th, 1880, as *Lisa* in Tom Taylor's "Fool's Revenge." She became at once the reigning sensation. All London turned out to see her, and forgot for a while her more artistic rival, Adelaide Neilson. Photographers sent her picture broadcast over the British Islands. Tom Taylor wrote a play for her entitled "Twixt Ax and Crown,"

and did everything that was in his power for her success. The role of *Princess Elizabeth*, in "Twixt Ax and Crown," suited her quiet dignity of manner, and her personal beauty contributed to the great favor with which the piece was received. She then essayed the roles of *Juliet*, *Rosalind* and *Camille*, but her performances of these parts were not remarkably successful. Mrs. Rousby subsequently came to this city, and appeared at the Lyceum Theatre. The engagement was not a success. She then made an unsuccessful tour of the country and then returned to her native land. Upon her return her popularity was not equal to that of her early appearance on the stage. Her latest prominence was somewhat of a sensational nature, being a law-suit with the celebrated tragedian Herr Bandman, who, she said, struck her during rehearsal. Since then she has not been before the public.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

A serious cutting affray took place in a grocery at Yellowbud, O., on the night of the 20th, in which five men were badly cut and bruised up, two of them, it is believed, fatally.

WINTER PAYNE, the murderer of James Adams, near Salem, Va., was arrested on the evening of the 21st, and lodged in jail at Warrenton, Va. He confessed his guilt, but pleaded in extenuation of the crime that he did not intend to kill Adams when he struck him.

On Saturday night, 19th, some burglars entered the jewelry store of George Larue, at Ypsilanti, Mich., and carried off several thousand dollars worth of jewelry. The proprietor had recently sold his safe and was keeping his goods in a case until he should purchase another.

MYRON A. BUELL, who was sentenced to be hung at Cooperstown, N. Y., on the 18th, for the murder of Catharine M. Richards, fourteen years of age, June 25th, 1878, was granted a reprieve, on application of his counsel for a new trial, which is to be argued at the general term, which meets May 6th, at Ithica.

At Madison, Wis., on the 21st, C. D. Gobey and Mrs. Mary A. Laving were before the court, charged with lewd and lascivious conduct. The woman is from Stoughton, sixteen miles east of Madison, and the man is a traveling horse jockey. Both left their better halves to run away. The trial was postponed for three weeks.

In the Stevens murder trial in Chicago, last week, the testimony of a number of witnesses went to show that Stevens had treated his child-wife brutally from the time they were married. A number of persons who had known Stevens in Cincinnati were also examined, and their testimony only served to make matters look worse for the wife-murderer.

On Saturday evening a lunatic was captured by the citizens of Farmland, Ky., in the woods near that place. He was in a half-starved condition, not having tasted food for several days. He gave his name as Crook-hank, and said he was from Celina, Ohio, and claims that his brother was shot in a saloon fight in that place, which caused his trouble.

NEAR old Fort Arbuckle, I. T., on the 18th, the horribly disfigured remains of a human being were found in the smoking embers of a log-cabin. It was ascertained to be the body of a man named Ferry, who was driven out of Montague county some months ago, on account of horse stealing, and who squatted on land near Fort Arbuckle. It is supposed parties from Montague followed and murdered Ferry, and then set fire to the house.

ED. FRY, a negro, who committed rape on the person of Mrs. Lamborn, a white woman, near Lawrence, Kan., in December last, was sentenced in the district court on the 18th, by Judge N. T. Stephens, to twenty-one years in the penitentiary at hard work. An attempt at lynching was feared on his arrest, and proper precautions were taken to put the black rascal where he might live to get the full extent of the law, which he so richly deserves.

NEAR Montezuma, Iowa, on the night of the 19th, Off Cannel killed his mother by beating her on the head with a stick of stove-wood. After the man had committed the horrible and unnatural crime, he then threw the body out of the house upon the wood-pile. The murdered woman was in her seventy-ninth year. After doing the work, Cannel left the house, and it was with some difficulty that he was captured. Insanity is the only cause that can be assigned for the deed.

D. E. MOORE, agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway company at Bangor, Wis., was arrested Saturday, 19th, on charges of seduction and adultery, and, after examination before Justice Whelden, was bound over to the circuit court in \$400. Lizzie Bariana, the girl in the case, is but twelve years old, and swore at the examination that the intimacy began nearly a year ago, and has continued ever since. Moore swore to the falsity of the charge, and says it is a blackmailing scheme, and professes readiness to stand trial.

On the night of the 22nd, Detective Carr arrested Alfred Lloyd and Edwin Wadsworth, both of 74 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, on a charge of rape, preferred by Miss Harriet Preston, aged twenty, of Elizabeth, N. J. The complaint states that Wadsworth kept a photograph gallery in Elizabeth, and was assisted by Lloyd. On Monday, 21st, Miss Preston claims to have been enticed into the gallery and there assaulted by both men. Wadsworth left the town immediately, and was followed to Brooklyn by his comrade. Miss Preston is said to be of highly respectable parentage.

At Springfield, Mo., on the night of the 19th, Alonzo Fagg and W. N. Smith, two young men, were returning home from a saloon when they were met by another man, named Sam Means. After a few words, Means suddenly hit Fagg on the head with a rock. Fagg exclaimed, "Don't hurt me! Don't hit me any more!" Sam replied, "I'll kill you if I can," and jumping upon him, drew a bowie-knife and stabbed him in the right side of the breast. Fagg broke loose and ran about a hundred yards, back to the saloon, where he died in about three hours. Means was arrested, and as he had procured the knife from Louis Schraeder, another saloon keeper, the latter was arrested as an accomplice, but was subsequently discharged for want of evidence. Means claimed that Fagg hit him with a rock first.

As atrocious outrage on the person of a little girl eleven years old, named Ida Kienardt, was committed in Springfield, O., on the 19th, by a shoe-maker, named Milo Robbins. The little one had been sent to his shop to get some shoes mended, and while there, she said, he took her on his lap and forcibly outraged her. A medical examination showed that she had been cruelly lacerated. The testimony at his examination was so overwhelmingly against him that he was bound over to court in \$800 bonds and committed. The father of the girl, a respectable, hard-working man, was fairly frenzied with rage, and friends had to interfere and take a pistol from him to keep him from shooting Robbins. He swears he will kill him yet. Robbins has a little girl of his own, but his wife died recently. He admitted taking very improper liberties with the Kienardt girl, but denied committing the outrage. Until this event Robbins had a rather fair reputation in the community.

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